



The Grail

AUGUST, 1929

The Password

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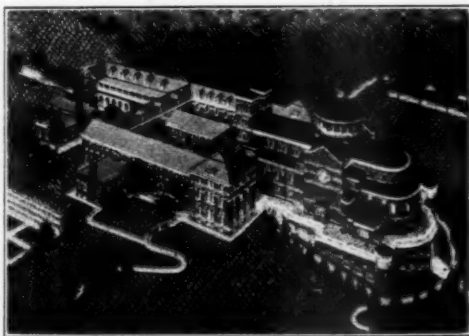
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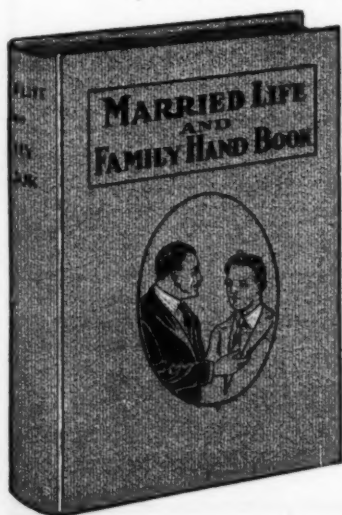
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The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 11

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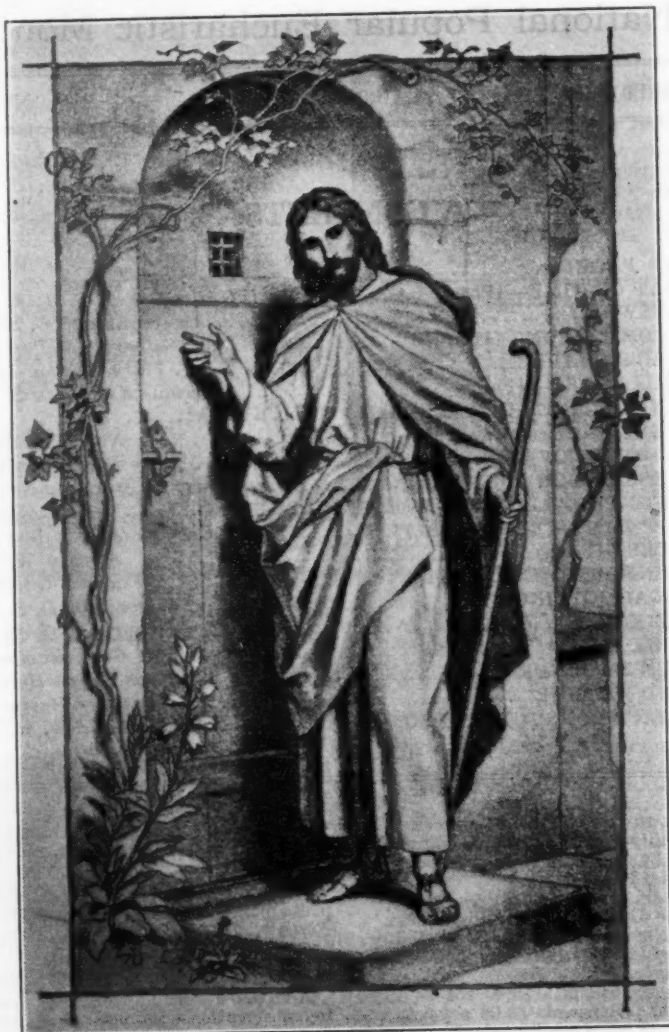
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Hofmann

WHY DO YOU TARRY?



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Catholic Emancipation Centenary

A notable celebration in Ireland in June was that of the Catholic Emancipation Centenary, which commemorated the passing of the Catholic Relief Act of 1829. The festivities in Dublin, which were of a religious nature, extended throughout the week from June 16 to 23 inclusive. The Hierarchy had directed that Sunday, June 16, be a general Communion day for the whole country, and continued on June 19, 20, 21, and 23 in Dublin. Solemn High Masses with sermons and addresses appropriate to the great occasion marked the celebration throughout the week. A Pontifical High Mass in Phoenix Park at noon, followed by a monster procession with the Blessed Sacrament, brought the joyful event to a close on Sunday, June 23. Benediction was given from a temporary altar on the Watling Street Bridge across the Liffey in Dublin. President Cosgrave, Eamon de Valera, and other distinguished civic leaders considered it a privilege to carry the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament along the line of march.

Is the Catholic School Inferior?

Another school year with its perplexing problems is rapidly approaching. To what school shall Tommy and Helen be sent, and the rest of the children too? Parents have not only the God-given right, but also the corresponding duty of placing the little ones that Divine Providence has committed to their keeping in schools where their innocence will be safeguarded, their virtue protected, and their faith will not be made light of or ridiculed. The Catholic school is the place for the Catholic child, and every Catholic child should be in a Catholic school.

As there is but "one God," "one faith, one baptism" (Eph. 4:5,6), and each of us has only one soul to save—or to lose, and that soul is destined to live forever, it is of supreme importance that the one thing necessary, the salvation of that soul, be attended to while there is time in which to do it, and light wherein to see the way. When the shadows of day are lengthening, and the

darkness of eternal night comes on, it will then be too late to begin. As the twig is inclined, the tree will be bent.

Catholics who without absolute necessity send their little ones to a non-Catholic school, and by *non-Catholic* we do not mean *sectarian*, do these children a positive wrong, and the wrong thus done may possibly never be righted again. We have no bone to pick with the public school, which is doing the work for which it was instituted, but the public school never was meant to instil religious principles. The province of the public school is in the field of secular learning: the languages, the sciences. Religion it leaves to the church to impart. But knowledge is the handmaid of religion, and the two cannot be divorced without injustice to the young. Those whose intellects have been sharpened on the grindstone of secular knowledge only, to the exclusion of religion, are not wholly educated, but are crippled in spirit. This, however, they are unable to realize. It is such as these that deny the existence of God. "The food hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Many millions of our countrymen have no definite religious beliefs. Besides these there is a vast multitude that professes every phase of religion under the sun. Moreover, Catholics, who form no small part of the population of the nation, have a very definite form of belief, which has been handed down to them by the Savior of mankind. It is not left to the individual to decide whether to accept or to reject an article of faith. Either he is a Catholic, and accepts without question the teachings and the authority of the Church, or he cuts himself off from communion with her.

While a very small percentage of the teachers in the public schools is Catholic, a far greater number are Protestant. To very many others, who in their own minds are too enlightened (?) to believe in the deity, Christianity is taboo. Then, too, textbooks are sometimes so cleverly worded as to undermine religion covertly and to hold up the Church to ridicule. This, coupled with unfavorable comment on the part of teachers, and derision on the part of non-Catholic

children, has a tendency to lessen the esteem of the Catholic child for its most precious treasure, the religion that makes it a child of God and heir of heaven. Moreover, there are few children that have sufficient knowledge, together with the necessary courage to stand up on such occasions and let the teacher know that he is in error. Some few instances of such action have come to our knowledge, but they are rare indeed.

For these and for other reasons, then, which endanger the faith of the young, Catholics expend millions of dollars annually in the building, equipping, and upkeep of Catholic schools. The great burden of double taxation for the maintenance of our schools is willingly borne by our people to safeguard the faith of the coming generation. Our Faith is the most precious heirloom that we possess, and no sacrifice can be too great to preserve it. Destroy that Faith, and we have no real purpose in life. Fidelity to the Church means eternal happiness in the life to come. Those who laugh at us in time may have an eternity to repent of their folly.

"You shall know the tree by its fruits." That our schools are not inferior to the state schools is sufficiently proved by the products turned out. We have reason to point with pride to the excellent results obtained in our schools all over the United States. Look at all the prizes won during the past year by the children of the parochial schools in competitive contests that were open to all the pupils of the whole country. If proof is needed, this alone would show that our schools are not inferior.

Moreover, besides the secular knowledge that they acquire, the children of our schools are trained to habits of virtue, their character is formed, their conscience is trained. Many are the spiritual helps they receive: the day is begun and closed with prayer; the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is attended; the daily, or frequent, reception of the sacraments imparts strength of spirit. In fact, an atmosphere of religion pervades the whole day: prayer, the presence of a teacher in religious garb, religious pictures on the walls, holy water at the door, and other aids that help them to recall frequently the presence of God and enable them to gain merit for eternal life. Experience proves that religion thus lived, far from being a source of distraction and a hindrance, is a real help and not an obstacle in the way of progress on the path to knowledge.

Catholic parents! remember that the Catholic grade school, the Catholic high school, the Catholic college, and the Catholic university are the schools for your children. No other is "just as good," or even better.

A Truly Great Man

That a man is renowned as a civic leader does not necessarily imply that he is also a man of sterling character and of irreproachable morals. Just the opposite may be the case. There are, however, some notable exceptions. Among these is Daniel O'Connell, the great liberator, who was a valiant son of Holy Church as well as the pride of his countrymen.

The *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in its August number, 1929, publishes the "Rules of Life" that were drawn up by O'Connell. A copy of these rules, which, the editor says in a prefatory note, were found among the liberator's private papers, are worthy of a place in every Catholic household. Note these twelve items:

1. To avoid any wilful occasion of temptation.
2. To appeal to God and to invoke the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, in all real temptations.
3. To say the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity every day.
4. To repeat as often as may be the shorter form.
5. To say daily at least, and as often as may be, a fervent Act of Contrition.
6. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself totally to my Crucified Redeemer, and to conjure Him, by all His infinite merits and divine charity, to take me under His directions and control in all things.
7. To meditate at least half-an-hour every day possible, longer if God pleases.
8. To say "We fly to Thy patronage" and St. Bernard's prayer to the Blessed Virgin as often as convenient daily.
9. Ejaculations and invocations of the Blessed Virgin, my Guardian Angel and all the Saints, daily.
10. To pray daily to God, His Blessed Mother and His Saints, for a happy death, as often as may be.
11. To avoid most carefully small faults or venial sin, even the smallest.
12. To aim at pleasing God in all my actions, and to be influenced by the love of God rather than by hope or fear.

A. M. D. G.

The Beat of Time

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

'Neath the vast presence of eternity,
Time flows in rippling secret course along,
With ever the rhythm of a cradle song,—
Yet knows no slumber nor stability.

Time was conceived and born with the first beat
Of seraph wings adoring the great Lord,
All tremulous with love—the deepest chord
Of the world's homage at th' Eternal Feet.

Then as the censer's cadence doth upfling
Clouds of sweet perfume round our hallowed shrines,
So the electrons' dazzling play entwines
A universal halo for our King.

Thereto responsive in my humble breast
A throbbing heart I find;—'tis ruled by time,
With whom the small and great of every clime
Are born and die—and seek eternal rest.

Unto the laughter of the light-thrilled spheres
Time sets the keynote; and yet rules no less
Over the muffled drums' dread mournfulness
About the dead beloved and in our tears.

The Password

He that cometh to God must believe.—Heb. 11:6

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"IMPUDENCE! Pure gall! I call it," muttered Ed Allen all to himself with a jerk of his head and a forward fling of the hand.

"What's up, Ed? Are you staging a show?" teased Father Gilbert who had come upon the young man unawares.

Taken somewhat aback, Allen demurred for a moment. Finally his face cleared up and he exclaimed: "Father, you know that I was chosen outside warden the other night at the K. of C. election. Here at our first initiation a stranger came along and presented himself at the door. When I demanded his password, he was dumb. So the fellow actually had planned to sneak in on us, but our law requiring the watchword saved us."

"I see," said Father Gilbert with a twinkle, "that you take your new office quite seriously and feel rather important about it. But do you know that the Church formerly had her outside wardens whose duty was similar to yours?"

"How so, Father?" Allen demanded impatiently.

"Well, the first Christians had to have some means of being distinguished from the foe," replied Father Gilbert, looking at Allen whose eyes all but sparkled. The priest was amused.

"Father, you are not answering my question directly," the young man complained.

Father Gilbert kept on smiling and purposely left his questioner in suspense. Finally he continued: "You are too eager. However, I have pity on you. The first Christians were accustomed to use the expression: '*Da symbolum*—give the symbol.'"

"Did the strangers have to show a button or a picture of some kind?"

"No more than you require a button or a picture at the council door. Anybody could procure a button or picture by means foul or fair. The word 'symbol' in its origin is a Greek term and denotes a *signal* or *sign* by which a thing may be distinguished or recognized. Now the sign of the first Christians was their faith. Hence the symbol is an expression of the true faith, a summary of the principal truths to be believed. In other words it is the Creed."

"Goodness, Father," Allen cried throwing up his hands, "that's a gigantic password. Why, with that a warden would never get through admitting members."

"Of course, you must overdraw the case," Father Gilbert rejoined as he stepped back to

lean against the garage. "A creed is essentially a complete, though not necessarily an explicit, statement of the principal articles of the faith. It aims at terseness and conciseness, for it is in the nature of a watchword. It must therefore be fairly easy to be committed to memory, the more so since for several centuries there was no written creed. It was handed down from generation to generation by an unbroken tradition."

"But, Father," Allen pleaded wrinkling his brow, "you don't seem to understand me. A password is necessarily something secret. The Catholic creed is nothing secret."

"Indeed, the Creed was a secret in the early centuries," Father Gilbert insisted. "Have you never heard of the 'Discipline of the Secret?'"

"Yes," granted Allen tamely, "I heard of that, but I thought it simply meant the keeping secret of the Holy Eucharist. That's what I read one time."

"No, it extended further than that," Father



THE GENUFLECTION IN THE "CREDO"

Gilbert assured. "The mysteries were withheld even from the catechumens until they reached almost the end of their instruction period. It was at a special meeting precisely called for the purpose that the symbol—the Creed—was made known to the catechumens. At baptism, then, the recitation of the Creed formed an integral part of the rite. When in the early ages the Creed was recited at the liturgy or the performance of the sacred rites, it was done in a low voice because of the discipline of the secret. By this external profession of faith the faithful were united into one body, held together by one bond."

"Pop!" resounded from the near-by corner.

Both the priest and his companion ran to the curbing to see what had happened. "Ah," remarked Father Gilbert, "simply another blow-out. This reminds me of the need of examining my own tires." He slowly walked over to his car kicking now at this and now at that object.

"Ed," he began once more, "You are fidgety."

"Haven't I reasons?" was the rather curt reply. "You are forgetting, Father, that I still have questions galore and before I know it you will have slipped away from me."

"That's Ed Allen," chuckled the priest.

"I plead guilty, Father," said the young man nothing daunted. "I grant anything just so the question box will not be put out of commission."

"Well, have your way," Father Gilbert well-nigh growled, feigning impatience. "What's next on deck?"

"Why, I don't understand this Creed affair as yet. I learned the Creed from my Catechism. But when I read it in the missal I find that there is no agreement between my way of saying it and the words used in the Mass."

"At least one thing you must concede," Father Gilbert stressed as he placed a block under the front wheel of his car.

"What's that?"

"That there is no contradiction between the two formulas of the Creed. You must remember that you learned the so-called 'Apostles' Creed' and in the Mass we have a fusion of the Creeds of Nicaea and of Constantinople."

Father Gilbert paused. Finally he continued: "You need not say anything. I can read in your face the question: 'What in the world is the creed of Nicaea and of Constantinople?'"

"Father, you made a good guess. You seem to be a mind reader."

"Some facts are so plain," Father Gilbert rejoined, "that they are written in capital letters, so to say, on people's faces. But let me briefly explain the creeds. The Apostles' creed is supposed to have been drawn up by the Apostles themselves. Tradition has it that as the Apostles parted, in obedience to the Savior's injunction to preach the Gospel to all nations, the

twelve Apostles framed a succinct statement of the glorious faith they were about to preach and possibly to seal with their blood. This tradition seems confirmed by the fact that Tertullian, too, at the end of the second century, gives us a summary of the faith quite in agreement with the Apostles' creed. This creed was the only one in use for more than three centuries, that is, until the first General Council of Nicaea. In 325 the Fathers assembled at Nicaea, formulated once more the faith of the Church in the words of what we call the Nicene creed. When the text was read before the assembled bishops they exclaimed as with one voice: 'This is the Catholic faith, in this faith we have been baptized, in this faith we likewise ourselves baptize.' Now this faith is more complete, more explicit than the Apostles' creed, which you learned from your catechism. It was composed expressly to refute heresies which had arisen in the Church, especially the Arian heresy, which denied the Divinity of Christ. Hence the cardinal clause of the creed is that which expresses the incarnation of the Son of God."

"How is it the creed of Constantinople as well as of Nicaea?"

"There you are with your interruption again," chided Father Gilbert. "I just had the matter on my tongue."

"Beg your pardon, Father, and thanks for that smile."

"To continue as friends," Father Gilbert pursued, "let me tell you that even the Nicene creed was to be supplemented to meet the newer heresies, particularly the one directed against the Holy Ghost. The last words of the Nicene creed were: 'And in the Holy Ghost.' What follows, therefore, is an addition made by the Council of Constantinople in 381. There is in this portion a famous expression: 'Filioque'—'and (from) the Son,' but in the context the signification is that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father and from the Son. This addition, 'and the Son,' became the occasion of a stubborn controversy between the East and the West and finally served as one of the motives and pretexts that led to the separation of the East from the Church of Rome. Thus you have the explanation of the creed used at Mass."

"Are there any other creeds, Father?" Allen inquired with renewed interest.

"Yes, there is the so-called Athanasian Creed, which sets forth the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. This is to be found in the Divine Office of many Sundays. Then there is also the Tridentine Creed or the creed of Pius IV, containing the teachings of the Council of Trent and published in 1564. This creed is prescribed for instance for those who receive holy orders. Even the creed used in the Mass, though based on the formulas of the two Councils of Nicaea and of

Constantinople, owes its present wording to the Fathers of the Council of Trent. We find a few other formulas of the creed. One of them was especially composed to refute the most modern errors."

"Would you please explain the creed* of the Mass, Father," came as Allen's next request.

"A brief synopsis might be in place, but not a detailed explanation."

Allen now fumbled around to find his pocket missal.

"Let us divide the Creed into four parts," Father Gilbert continued. "Part one goes as far as 'visible and invisible.' This is directed against heathendom, polytheism, and the heresy of the Manicheans, who believed in a twofold principle—a good one and a bad one—and who held that the world was created not by the good God but by the evil principle. The second portion ends with 'to judge the living and the dead.' It condemns the heresies, above all, the Arians, who attack the person of Jesus Christ and who reject His consubstantiality (same substance) with the Father, His true humanity, and His work of the redemption. The third section concludes with 'Who spoke by the prophets.' It refutes chiefly the sect of the Macedonians who deny to the Holy Ghost His identity with the Divine Essence and His procession from the Father and from the Son. The fourth and last division turns against all the adversaries of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the infallible bearer and teacher of the truth outside of which there is no salvation."

"I understand," nodded the young man. "I have followed your division. But my curiosity is aroused at something else."

"Oh," ejaculated the priest, "curiosity is said to have killed a cat once. And I am sure it

* I believe in one God, the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. | And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages; begotten, not made; consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven. *And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary: and was made man.* He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate and was buried. And the third day He arose again, according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven. He sitteth at the right hand of the Father: and He shall come again with glory, to judge the living and the dead; | and His kingdom shall have no end. And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified: Who spoke by the prophets. | And one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins. And I expect the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

has been the source of a host of other evils too."

After a hearty laugh Allen forestalled Father Gilbert by explaining: "It's about the Creed's place in Mass. I should think an act of faith would be in order at the very beginning of the Mass."

"True! true!" Father Gilbert granted, "but above all you again forget that the first part of the Mass is the Mass of the catechumens. In early times the Creed was not recited until these had departed. The Creed forms as it were a bridge between the Mass of the catechumens and that of the faithful. Then, too, the Creed is the appropriate answer and echo of the Church to the epistle and the Gospel teaching. When the faithful have listened to the word of the Old and the New Testaments, this solemn and public profession of faith springs to our lips almost spontaneously. Furthermore, the Creed serves as a good foundation stone or the basis for the sacrificial celebration, for the mystery of faith. However, in the Greek Church the Creed comes after the kiss of peace which follows the offertory."

"Father! You told me in the beginning that the Creed was a sort of password."

"It was."

"Well, I don't see how it can be regarded as a password or watchword in the Mass."

"Your difficulty is well founded. But remember that, whilst on various occasions, for instance, at baptism, and at ordination, the recitation of the Creed is required to prove our faith, the immediate cause of the introduc-

After Communion

CATHARINE MCPARTLIN

Be still, my soul, through the long day's fret and clamor,

Be quiet, heart in my breast;

I have taken the Child Divine in trust from His Mother,
And my peace may weave His rest.

O thoughts of mine, flowing in plans and fancies,

Let reverence rule your tide,

That the mind's frail barque, bearing high Heaven's treasure

The waves of the world outride.

Be glad, O lips and tongue that have touched His sweetness,

To comfort a wearied one;

O body, rejoice in the dull routine of labor

To serve the "Carpenter's Son."

Keep His commands, will that is weak or mighty,

But always royally free,—

So may my Lord with the Father and Holy Spirit

Come and abide with me.

tion of the Creed here was the intention to utter a protest against heresy. When the false teachings of the Manicheans began to spread, Timothy, Bishop of Constantinople, gave orders to say the Creed aloud as a protest against this heresy. For this reason the learned Walafried Strabo calls the Creed 'a medicine against heretics.'"

"Then the Creed wasn't always a part of the Mass," Allen inquired in a tone of surprise.

"It was not," stressed Father Gilbert. "Its recitation during the Holy Sacrifice is of comparatively recent institution. It certainly was not a part of the early liturgies of either East or West. If any creed was said at all before the Council of Nicaea, it was the Apostles' Creed. The Greek Church seems to have begun to recite the Creed—and that of the Council of Constantinople—about the end of the fifth century. In the Latin Church the practice is said to have originated in Spain. In 859 the third Council of Toledo decreed that in all the churches of Spain and Galicia the Creed of Constantinople be sung in a clear voice by the people before the *Pater Noster*—the Lord's Prayer. In Germany and Gaul the custom was adopted about 754. The Creed as a part of the Mass finally obtained recognition at Rome in the eleventh century. It is said that when Emperor St. Henry visited Rome in 1014 to be crowned by Pope Benedict VIII, he was astonished not to hear the Creed at Mass as was the vogue in Germany. The Holy Father replied that, whereas in most churches one or the other article of the Creed had been denied, the Roman Church had had never fallen into heresy. At the emperor's petition, however, the Holy Father prescribed the recitation of the Creed also for Rome."

Allen wanted to inquire further when Father Gilbert gave him to understand that he had to put his car into the garage. As the priest was starting the engine the young man urged: "Just this one more point, Father."

"Go on," the pastor yielded, apparently not displeased now.

"The Creed is not always recited. At least on some days we do not sing it in the choir."

"You are right. The Greeks at first said the Creed at Mass once a year, namely, on Good Friday. Now they employ it at all Masses. The Roman Church at present admits this profession of faith for three reasons: for the sake of solemnity, on the occasion of the celebration of a great mystery, and in order to link the Mass in a particular way with doctrine. To help them remember when the *Credo* is to be said, clerics have the two mnemonic expressions or memory aids: (DAP *credit*, MUC *non credit*, which means) DAP *believes*, MUC *does not believe*."

"What kind of a code is that anyhow?" asked Allen bursting into a guffaw.

"Well under D we include the feasts of the Lord (*Dominus*), of the Blessed Virgin (*Our Lady, Domina*), of doctors of the Church, and Sundays (the Lord's day, *dominica*); under A we place the feasts of the *Apostles*, of the *angels*, and of St. Mary Magdalene, who is called an *apostola* (i. e., messenger), being commissioned by our Lord to announce His Resurrection to the Apostles; with P we link the feasts of *patrons*, whether of the whole church, or an individual church, etc. On all these occasions we recite the Creed at Mass. M represents the feasts of *martyrs*; U or rather V (for the two were interchangeable among the Latins) is an abbreviation for *virgins* and *widows* (*vidua*); and C stands for *confessors*. On the feasts of these classes comprehended under MUC, as well as on ordinary week days there is no *Credo* at Mass."

Father Gilbert released the clutch for a moment whilst Allen was evidently still musing what might yet be asked. When the priest returned, he was ready to fire another broadside. "What is on now?" Father Gilbert coaxed of his own accord.

"Why, the genuflection which the celebrant makes during the *Credo*?"

"Read your missal and see at what words he makes the genuflection. Don't you notice that the knees sink at the words: 'And He was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary: and was made man'? During the High Mass the people kneel when the same words are sung by the choir. You can conclude from this that both priest and people are to show their reverence whilst the profession of this momentous doctrine is made.

"Note further what ceremonies are observed. When the celebrant says *Credo*—I believe—he extends, and raises, his hands; at the words *in unum Deum*—in one God—he folds his hands and bows his head towards the crucifix; at the remaining part he keeps his hands joined except during the genuflection, when he places them on the altar; he bows his head again when he comes to the expressions: *Jesus Christus* and *simul adoratur—together* (with the Father and the Son) *is adored*; at the conclusion, when he pronounces *Et vitam venturi saeculi*—the life of the world to come—he makes the sign of the cross and joins his hands again at the *Amen*."

"Goodness!" ejaculated the listener, "how minute are all these details!"

"And with reason. If these ceremonies are carried out conscientiously, they are an aid to the devotion of priest and people. Hence, we should follow the celebrant and recite the

(Continued on page 181)

The Lord's Chalice

MARY AGATHA GRAY

THE sun was beginning to decline, but the streets of Antioch were still hot, and the vines that festooned the tall columns of the porticoes made a pleasant shade. Among the pedestrians walking along the wide street was one of stately build who went towards that part of the city where the workers in gold and silver dwelt. He sought one Titus, well known as a man skilful in silver refining, who had joined the brethren a few months before, edifying all by his upright and exemplary life. Quietly this wayfarer, and it was none other than Peter the Apostle, walked along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and he bore a bundle that he held against his breast, as though it might contain some treasure. Flavius the tribune recognized him, he had seen him at the house of the Centurian Marcus, and noted the quality of the man, for it had puzzled him.

"There goes the Jew teacher," he said to Caius who was returning with him from the bath where they had spent the heat of the day, "a man who always provokes a question. There is something godlike about him that makes me fear in his presence, and yet he is simple, and approachable, and upright as any Roman. A strange Jew."

"I know not, but I somehow fear this new sect. I know not why, but you cannot count upon people whom you cannot buy, who go to death itself as to a feast. And they do, for I have seen them. Suppose that the gods are walking again among men, as they did on the old days, before Rome had become an empire, what then?"

"Then the gods help Caesar, and all his friends! When the gods come to vengeance, they at least do the thing thoroughly."

"Ha! there is Veronica, the daughter of Marcus, let us follow and see where the old man will take her, for they are together, and in conversation."

"As you will, if you think you will not anger Marcus by spying upon his daughter."

"Pooh! Veronica is but a child yet, ten years old at the most, and I must marry before she comes of age."

"Yet she is beautiful, and gives promise of a noble womanhood."

"There are others. Besides, I am not in haste to marry, women are trying at times."

Flavius laughed shortly, he knew Caius, and his ways. "We need not walk so fast, my Caius, else we shall overtake the old man, and the daughter of Marcus might take offence."

"What of it? She would not be the first to be offended."

"Yes, but you must not begin so badly."

"She would not know that we are following."

"You can't tell, maids have sharp eyes, and sharp ears too. Besides, it is as yet too hot for haste. The old man has sense, he does not hurry."

They followed at their leisure, stopping now and then to exchange greetings with acquaintances, but never losing sight of the Apostle and Veronica. And presently they turned aside into a narrower street where dwelt the metal workers for whom Antioch was famous.

"He carries treasure," said Flavius. "See how he holds his burden against his breast, and he goes to the quarter of the silver smiths. And, by Daphne! to the shop of Titus, the king of them all. Let us wait outside the door and hear what business these two have together."

The entrance to the shop of the silversmith was low, and rather dark, and the Apostle had to bend his head to enter. Veronica followed him shyly, a little afraid that Peter might not wish her to hear what he would say to Titus. But he noticed her hesitation, and held out his hand to her.

"Fear not, Veronica, daughter of Marcus," he said, "you may enter with me into the shop of Titus, and there I will show you what I bear, for it is a treasure that shall be great for all days, even unto the end, and the coming of the Lord."

He did not wait for a reply, and the child followed him over the threshold to where Titus sat gazing into a big vat filled with molten silver, that was destined to be fashioned into cups for the Christian altars. Veronica stood timidly a little behind Peter. She was interested in Titus, of whom she had heard her father speak in terms of no mean commendation, and she was glad that he was a Christian, for she knew that it meant eternal life, and the love of the dear Christ. Sufferings might come to them, even death might be their portion for His sake, but these things did not terrify the child; she understood very well that to die meant only to see the Christ with Whom she lived already.

Titus had risen and put out a restraining hand. "Greetings, my Father," he said, "I pray you suffer me to remain thus for a little while longer. The silver will be spoiled if it pass the moment of perfect refining."

Peter drew the bundle from the folds of his

mantle and set it upon a workbench. The object was wrapped in a leather case, within which was another of silk, embroidered with flowers in many hues. Peter undid the wrappings and invited Veronica with a gesture to come and watch Titus. "Come and see how silver is refined," he said, "since we may not interrupt the good Titus."

The two Romans stood outside looking into the shop without, however, permitting themselves to be seen. "The Jew hath more care for a man than for treasure," said Flavius in a low tone. "As for that, I would not give much for it; it is not even gold," and he laughed softly.

"Treasure would not further his ambitions greatly, Flavius; it takes men to build up a new sect."

"Yes, *men*," retorted Flavius, "not fishermen from an obscure province of Rome, but men with eyes to see and hands to grasp the opportunities that come in their way."

"Hush! Titus hath left his crucible. Draw back; I would not be seen."

Peter had turned to the smith. "Titus," he said, "I have brought to you the Chalice of Sacrifice. It was thus that the Lord held it on that night—" his voice broke as he took the chalice into his hands, holding it by the little handles at either side, and his eyes brimmed with tears, as they always did when he spoke of his Lord's sufferings. It was this tenderness of heart that endeared him to the faithful more than any other trait of character. They loved him, and their children were wont to follow him from place to place in the hope of meeting with a glance of affection, or it might even be a spoken blessing of the Apostle who had taken the Master's place upon earth.

Titus touched the two handles reverently. "Here?" he said, drawing his hand away. Then, "What would you have me do? The cup is in perfect preservation. Those handles were made for the purpose of raising it when full. It is marvellously heavy. But even as he spoke, Peter had fallen into the silence of prayer, and Titus stood beside him with bowed head, his hands crossed upon his breast. Veronica followed the example of the silversmith. The group was a fitting theme for the pencil of an artist.

Flavius pulled Caius by the mantle. "Let us go, my Caius," he said. "When these Christians pray, there is no knowing how long they will be at it."

"She is as beautiful as a niad," sighed Caius, but he turned and followed Flavius; he was already a little tired of the adventure. Neither Peter, nor Veronica, nor Titus had noticed the two men who had stood beside the door looking in upon them, and pretending to examine the

cups and vases that were displayed for sale on a stand just within the entrance.

Something of Peter's fervor crept into the heart of his convert as they stood there, for love is infectious, and every apostle gives a portion of his own fervor to his disciples. Veronica's eyes strayed from one to the other, and presently her hand stole to Peter's mantle, and raising it reverently to her lips, she kissed it, feeling instinctively that God was very near them, and needing to express her reverence by some outward act. After a while Peter raised his head and remembered his errand.

"I give to you a holy task, Titus," he said. "See that you come to it with clean hands and a pure heart. Let no idle thought mar this service, but, touching the Cup of Sacrifice with pure hands, raise up your mind to God, Whose it is, and so work cunningly and skilfully to His glory."

Titus reached out his hand again and took up the cup. It was singularly heavy, fashioned of metal in an odd, dark color, with a dull gold stem and foot. He admired the workmanship, which was entirely different from anything he had ever seen before, as was the shape of the cup, moulded something like a pear. A serpent was twined about the base and the shaft rested upon its head.

"It is a very ancient piece of work," he observed, "more ancient than I remember to have seen before; older by far than the vessels of gold and silver of the temple of Daphne, for which I worked before I knew God."

"I know not," replied the Apostle, "if all that has been told me is true. Some say that it was the chalice of Melchisedech; others, that it belonged formerly to our father Abraham. Both may be true, but to me it is ancient enough in that the Lord Jesus held it in His hands the night before He suffered."

"You speak wisdom, my Father," replied the silversmith, "for those former men have passed away, and the New Light hath shined upon us and taken away death for ever. But, my Father, what would you that I should do to the cup, I see nothing amiss with it."

"It is because the lips of the faithful have already begun to wear the rim of it, and so that the cup may not perish, and for the more careful keeping of its holiness, I thought to have it overlaid with the purest silver, lest in aught it become polluted. Can this be done without injury to the cup?"

"Most certainly, my Father. In that way only can it assuredly be guarded against the all-destroying hand of time, and the wear of years that are yet to come."

"Then see that it is made ready for the First Day of the Week. And for payment—"

But Titus the silversmith put out a deprecating

ing hand. "Payment in such an honorable trust, my Father, may not be considered. To be permitted to see, and handle, this precious cup is payment beyond price. But, I crave your leave to make other cups of the like fashion, of the purest silver that may serve for the assemblies of the faithful throughout all Syria, that all may see the likeness of the cup their Lord used when He broke the Paschal Bread the night before He suffered. And, neither for these would I receive money, but they shall be an offering of love."

Veronica had drawn nearer and was leaning against the Apostle. "I too, my Father," she whispered, "but I am only a child. What love offering can I give to the dear Christ?"

"The offering of a pure heart, my daughter," he returned, "for a pure heart is a pearl of great price, the pearl that the Master treasures above all others. Your heart shall be as a cup of sacrifice for Him. Fill it with the wine of love, and lift it ever above the things of earth, for it must be cuplike, open only to heaven. Once the cup is turned down, the wine will be lost. Have you understood?"

"Yes, my Father, I understand. You would say that I must ever look up and see my Master, and see Him everywhere, and—die for Him, if that may be."

A great fire shone in the Apostle's eyes as he placed a trembling hand upon the girl's head. "Is that truly your desire, my daughter?"

"Truly it is, my Father. I would fain be of the consecrated virgins who belong to Him alone."

"You shall have your desire, Veronica. How old are you?"

"I was ten last Pasch," she replied.

"Well, I will speak with the good Marcus, your father, and if he is willing to give you to the Master for His own, it shall be as you wish. Maybe you will be called upon to suffer great things for Him, Veronica. But be of good heart, for He will be with you. If those days and those sufferings come, you will not be alone, and at the end you will go to Him and remain with Him for ever."

And saluting Titus the Silversmith, and blessing him, he said again to Veronica, "Forget not that you have seen with your very eyes the Cup of Sacrifice that the Lord Jesus held in His hands on that night, for from henceforth it will be veiled from mortal eyes." And taking the road that led by the bank of the Orontes, he returned into the city with Veronica, until he left her at her father's house.

Veronica fled to her own room and lay down upon her bed, for in that way only could she be alone. The slave who waited upon her came. Finding her asleep, as he thought, he went away; but Veronica was pondering all the

words of the Apostle, for she was not willing to forget even one of them. In the meantime Flavius with Caius were below, seeking Marcus the Centurion. But Marcus would not listen. "The child is too young to contract marriage," he said.

"But in two years she will be of age," replied Flavius.

"I am a Roman, I know the law, and I know how to obey. My daughter may not marry until she has arrived at the legal age, nor without her own consent. I know not either of you," he added significantly.

Flavius' hand went to the dagger in his belt

God's Billboard

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Our worldly wise have coined the phrase:

"It pays to advertise";
And so in field and corner lot
Knit billboards of vast size
Portray in striking tint and form
The best that money buys.

They keep you posted on the styles,
The latest model car,
The coughless carloads of wee "smokes,"
The connoisseur's cigar,
The best of food, dry drinks and gum,
Grand homesites, near and far.

When night enshrouds the jostling crowds,
So carefree, blithe and gay,
Electric signs, with dancing lights,
In colorful display
Flash out the burning topics that
The billboards voice by day.

But nothing's new beneath the sun.
Men's finite minds work slow.
What they've invented God hath known
Eternal years ago.
He used since dim creation's dawn
The sky for more than show.

Upon this dome-shaped billboard blue
He paints with fadeless dyes,
That we may choose the tint to stain
Our mansion in the skies—
Our real estate, assured to us
By Truth that never lies.

At night his shifting, star-made signs,
Read by the thoughtful few,
In silent code this message flash
All staticless to you:
"Your bungalow is ready, but—
Your time-payments are due."

impulsively, but Marcus only smiled. "How long have you been in Antioch, Tribune?" he asked casually.

"A month," said Flavius.

"A man can not be known in so short a time, Tribune; neither have you yet proved yourself."

Caius turned away, "Vale! Centurion," he said. "We shall meet again."

* * * * *

It was dark in the catacomb chapel where the Sacred Mysteries were in progress. When the eyes became accustomed to the gloom, one saw a wide space on either side of which were ranged dark forms of people in prayer. The men stood on one side, the women on the other, and in front of the latter ranks were ranged the consecrated virgins under their head who directed them in everything. It was during the imprisonment of Peter in the Mamertine, and prayers were offered for him unceasingly by the Christians of Rome. Some of them hoped that he would be again delivered by angelic hands as in Jerusalem long ago, but time had gone on and the Apostle was still a prisoner. Some of them had seen him, and the conversion of his keeper had greatly stirred the hope of the faithful, but their prayers for his deliverance went unanswered, and this was the day of his final combat. So the prayers were more urgent than ever, and more sadly resigned. The Christians had seen many others led away to death; there was hardly a household without its martyrs, hardly a family where one or all did not covet the martyr's crown for himself.

The prayers that day were mostly silent ones, only the ordered ritual of the Sacrifice was heard, accompanied by soft sighs and now and then a woman's broken sob, for they loved their Pontiff, and his loss seemed an overwhelming catastrophe. But they knew that the Church must go on and that consoled them, too.

The Sacrifice was finished and the women began to file out of the chapel toward the various entrances of the catacomb when the porters turned them back again and extinguished the lights. The silence was intense, and in the distance might be heard the tread of feet, and the distant, soft, clank of steel. One of the companies of soldiers had found an entrance into the catacomb and was exploring it. Presently the Christians smelled the odor of pine torches, and the flickering of lights was reflected. The deacons ushered the men further into the mysterious passages of the catacomb while the consecrated virgins took charge of the women. The head of them all was the last to leave, but she was not quick enough, and the first of the soldiers caught her as she tried to

follow her companions, yet not so closely as to betray their hiding place.

He spun her round sharply and the light of a torch borne by one of his men fell full upon her face. He recoiled for a moment, then he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Ceres! I am bewitched," he exclaimed. "Are you not the daughter of the Christian Marcus?" he demanded.

"I am," she replied steadily, "and you are the Centurion Flavius who betrayed him to death. Christ forgive thee!"

"I knew not that he was your father, until after he was condemned."

"It was the will of God, and my father was glad to be chosen," she returned.

"Pass on, men!" he said to those who had come with him. "Continue the search, I will take care of this woman."

The men passed on, leaving her alone, save for the unseen presence of the Christ Whom she loved. "What would you with me?" she demanded, and her tones were singularly even and free from fear, he noted.

"I would offer you safety, and peace, and a palace near the Vatican, for Caesar will do that for Flavia."

"Flavia"? I do not understand. And what is Flavia to me that she should plead the cause of a poor Christian woman?"

"As my wife, you can have all the things I spoke of just now, only forget your assemblies, and come here no more. You may worship Christ as much as you desire in the secrecy of the home to which I will take you."

She spurned him with a gesture. "I belong to God," she said. "I cannot marry you, neither would I, if I could make pretence of being the thing I could never be. I am a Christian; I will not seem to be anything else."

"You are proud now. Wait until we get you on the rack," he threatened. "We have conquered strong men, and you are but a woman. You cannot escape me this time. I sued for your hand fifteen years ago when Marcus was in Antioch, and the old priest who is being crucified to-day walked down the street with you. You were only a child then, but I have not forgotten. I told Marcus that we should meet again. We did, and he is dead. You are alone, resistance is useless."

"I do not resist. I have told you that I am a Christian; nothing will alter that, God will protect me."

"As he has protected others of the Christians," he sneered.

"As He has made them victors, and sovereigns of their own wills. You could not bend them."

"No, but I could break them, and I did."

"You could kill them; that is not breaking them; they continued to confess Christ."

"The more fools they."

"The more honorable they. Why do you wait? Recall your men and let us be gone, or you may find that you have lost your way."

"I brought a guide, the Christian Caius, whom you trusted."

"Caius? Poor soul!" she added sadly, for Caius had been her father's convert.

"Caius, Veronica. And here he comes. Now tell me that you will come to the Temple of Vesta to sacrifice and I will make all safe for you. I did but jest when I pressed you to marry me, time enough for that when we are better acquainted, you were but a child when we met before."

"I do not remember you."

"We did not speak, but I followed you through the streets of Antioch, I am Caius."

"Forget that time. I will never sacrifice," she added, raising her tones a little so that Caius who was approaching them heard what she said.

"Then I must carry you before the Praetor, you leave me no choice."

She only smiled at him but she looked at Caius. "Ah, Caius, Caius!" she said reproachfully, "why have you done this thing? Repent, there is yet time," but he only shook his head and passed on before them out of the catacomb, leading them again into the light of day.

A great crowd of people were gathered together near the Vatican. Flavius led his men in the opposite direction. "These Christians should be parted," he said. "They only encourage one another, and their arraignment is a farce. They make sport of us; we cannot overcome them."

"Whither do we go?" asked Veronica, seeing that they were taking the direction of the Vatican hill.

"To watch Peter, the Christian Pontiff go by to his death," he replied brutally.

She was silent, but her lips moved and she looked neither to the right nor to the left when Flavius halted his company beside the road. And in a little while they saw the procession of death approaching them. Veronica was still silent, still prayed, even when the soldiers who were leading the Apostle passed close by her. He came presently, bound and bespattered with the mud of the street.

"Ave!" she called, and the old man turned and looked at her.

"My daughter," he said, have they taken you, too? Be of good courage then, we shall meet again soon."

"I have remembered, my Father," she said quickly. "I have held my cup open to heaven and the wine has not been spilled."

She could not hear his reply for the soldiers had hurried him away, fearful lest the Christians might rescue their leader from their hands. Only Flavius had heard the words of Veronica. "What cup is that of which you spoke?" he asked, seeking some excuse for delivering her to death."

"It is the cup of my soul that I lift to Christ," she said; but he did not understand her.

"What is a soul?" he asked, and then, seeing that there were many standing about who were listening to their words, he delivered her to one of his men to lead, and went himself to the head of the company, for her beauty weakened his desire to harm her. And as they went, a yell of execration went up from the mob that had assembled to witness the death of Peter.

"Crucify her, also!" they cried. As they pressed upon the soldiers, Flavius turned back again, in time to see a red dagger drawn from the heart of Veronica. He had staked all upon the winning of her, and lost. "Christ always wins!" he cried. "I would have made her the most envied woman in Rome. Where did the man go?" he asked; but no one had noticed where the assassin had gone, and the soldier against whom the body of Veronica had fallen, dragged it to the edge of the street and left it there. It was Titus the Silversmith who found her, for he had followed Peter to Rome and been made priest by him before his death, and the care of the Lord's Chalice had been given to him, until Linus should have entered upon his office as Bishop in the place of the Apostle.

Veronica was laid to rest in the cemetery at the foot of the Vatican Hill, near to the tomb of Peter, the Lord's apostle, and Titus had an inscription carved upon it, but underneath he put the words of Peter

LET YOUR HEART BE AS A CUP OF SACRIFICE

There upon the paten and there in the chalice every morning is the Sacred Heart in all the plenitude of Its redeeming power, of Its infinite merits, of Its unutterable love, of Its exquisite tenderness for sinners.—Card. Manning.

A Petition

MARY AGATHA GRAY

As crystal drop in ruby flood
Within the chalice of Thy Blood,
So mingled that no eye may trace
The water in the fount of grace,
So, grant me evermore to be
Hidden in Thine Immensity.

The Benedictines in Korea and Manchuria

Adapted from the German

IN the year 1909 the Benedictines of the Swiss Abbey, St. Ottilien, began in Seoul, the capital of Korea, a monastic community, which in 1913 became an Abbey. In connection with this Abbey, the members conduct a normal school and manual training school. At the end of the World War the members of the Abbey numbered nine Fathers, twelve European Brothers, together with several Brothers of native birth.

By Brief of August 19, 1920, the Holy Father constituted the Northeast of Korea, the two provinces of North and South Kankyo, with its two million inhabitants, as the separate Vicariate Apostolic of Wonsan and placed it under the direction of the Benedictines of Seoul. The superior of the Abbey of St. Benedict in Seoul, Abbot Boniface Sauer, O.S.B., appointed Vicar Apostolic of this territory, received episcopal consecration on May 1, 1921.

The first object of the care of the Vicar Apostolic was the erection, in conjunction with the Abbey, of a seminary for the newly-erected missionary diocese. After this, provision was made for a number of missionary stations.

On March 19, 1922, the Vicariate of Wonsan, received an immense increase of territory by having placed within its boundaries the two Chinese provinces in Manchuria, Yenki and I'lan. It now extended from the middle of Korea to the confluence of the Amur and Singari near the City of Khabarowsk,—in other words as far as Siberia—in extent over seventy-five thousand square miles, with three million five hundred thousand inhabitants.

Owing to the fact that it was too far distant from the missionary field proper, Abbot-Bishop Boniface took steps to remove the Abbey in 1927 from Seoul to Tokwon, near Wonsan. To-

gether with the Abbey, he brought hither the diocesan seminary for the native priesthood with its sixty students. The building, dedicated to St. Willibrord, is a fine brick structure, made possible by loans from the "Opus S. Petri," a society of Dutch priests. With present building plans complete, the seminary will have a capacity of one hundred and twenty students.

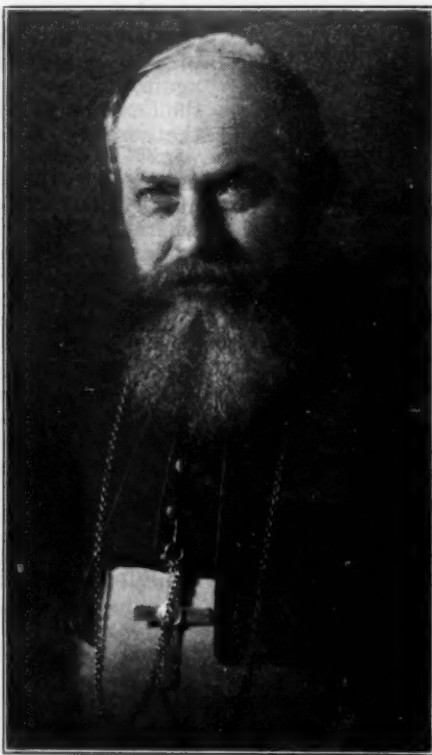
The curriculum of the seminary is as follows: after the completion of the grades, the student is given two years of preparatory instruction, then follow six years of the classics, two years of philosophy and four years of theology.

After organizing as far as possible his extensive Vicariate, Bishop Boniface proposed in 1928 to the Holy See a division of this territory into three parts. This was granted by Bull of July 3, 1928, which made of Yenki and I'lan separate missionary territories.

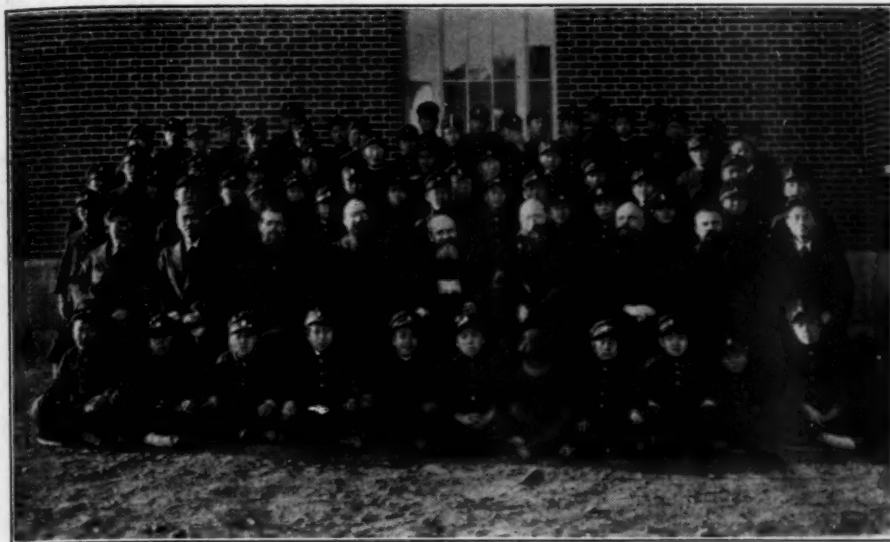
WONSAN

The Vicariate of Wonsan now comprises the two Korean provinces of Kankyo and Kamkung. In area it is some 18,000 square miles with over 2,000,000 inhabitants of whom only a few thousand are Catholics. There are in the Vicariate seventeen priests, all Benedictines, thirty lay brothers, nine of them Koreans. In Wonsan there is a convent of Benedictine nuns consisting of twelve Euro-

pean Sisters and twenty-six native postulants. All these have successfully passed the regulation examinations required for teachers by the Japanese government. In the city of Wonsan there is a large school with about one thousand pupils. The greatest need in the city, where dwell about a thousand Catholics and a like number of catechumens, is for a church to serve as a cathedral.



RT. REV. BONIFACE SAUER, O. S. B.
BISHOP AND ABBOT



NATIVE SEMINARISTS AT BENEDICTINE SEMINARY OF WONSAN

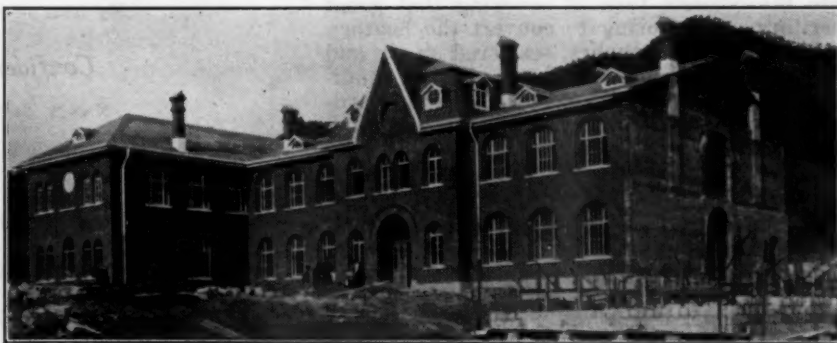
Outside the city, in all the vast territory of these two Korean provinces, there are but five missionary residences. Building of more of these residences is an absolute necessity for the further conversion of the heathen population. What this would mean to the spread of the Faith can be seen from the fact that once a missionary settles in a place, even though there were no Catholics there at his coming, he can confidently expect to have about him in a few years at least seven or eight hundred converts. More fruitful still is that mission field in which it is possible to bring a small community of Sisters. It is well known that, especially by their care of the sick, Sisters can have access impossible to the missionary. And usually as soon as one member of a family accepts the Faith, the entire household does the same. Unfortunately the dire poverty of this missionary field has thus far rendered impossible the erection of such residences for priests and for sisters. And this difficulty is further increased by the higher price of real estate in the cities where such locations must be sought—the initial cost being from three to five thousand dollars. One can easi-

ly see what a meritorious work of charity it would be for some Catholic who has the means, or some parish in the United States, to furnish the sum necessary thus to extend the Kingdom of Christ. It will be the privilege of such benefactors to designate the patron of these missions; moreover, since a careful chron-

such benefactions, their names will be held in grateful memory by succeeding generations, while priests and laity will be their debtors in prayer and at the altar.

YENKI

The Apostolic Prefecture of Yenki is some twenty-three thousand square miles in area and has about one million inhabitants. Though situated in Manchuria, in Chinese territory, yet the population is about three fifths Korean. There are about twelve thousand Catholics in this territory, with thirteen priests and one lay brother, all Benedictines, as missionaries. The extreme poverty of the mission has prevented the erection of a convent for sisters. The Fathers live in mud huts. A prime necessity is a suitable brick building for a small priory, where young missionaries, arriving from Eu-



SEMINARY FOR NATIVE PRIESTS (UNDER CONSTRUCTION)



KOREAN SEMINARIANS ENJOYING WINTER SPORTS

rope, can be trained for this field, and disabled missionaries can find a haven of refuge in their last days. A small hospital, too, would be of enormous advantage.

I'LAN

I'lan, the third mission field, comprises a territory of some thirty-four thousand square miles and has a population of seven to eight hundred thousand. This number, however, is being swelled from day to day by constant immigration, due both to the fertility of the land and the civil disturbances in the rest of China. During the past year, government reports show, nearly four hundred thousand immigrated. One cannot imagine the rich harvest of souls awaiting the missionaries if they could get some financial help.

Owing to the great poverty of this mission, Bishop Boniface has been able to put but four Fathers and one lay brother in the field. These face the colossal task of covering that great territory, endeavoring to convert the heathen and to seek out Catholics, scattered singly and in groups throughout the land. Living conditions for these devoted men entail fearful hardship. Their dwellings are fragile huts of mud, which afford poor protection against Siberian temperatures as severe at times as forty below zero. Travel in summer is well-nigh impossible, since the roads usually become small river courses. Numerous bands of brigands, too, render travel hazardous.

Yet this field will in time be of the richest and most promising for the missionary. The Chinese are easy to convert; isolated as they

are from their home village or clan, they have in consequence no fear of social disgrace and indignation at their embracing the Faith. Only too eagerly do they seek help and instruction from the missionary. A school of manual training would be of immense help in gathering many to the fold. Yet to produce these results requires money—money that could be given by generous American Catholics.

We commend to the prayerful consideration—and the pocket-books of our readers this extensive mission field with its almost unlimited supply of raw material for the making of hosts of saints for heaven. Next to the grace of God this lies to a great extent within your power.

When we have heard Mass on Sunday we have fulfilled a sacred duty; when we have also approached the Holy Table we have made use of a priceless privilege.

The Beggar's Cup

E. J. L.

Into the beggar's cup
I drop my mite,
I who have feet to walk,
And eyes for sight.

Some day when my own cup
All empty stands,
I shall hold out to Heaven
My suppliant hands.

Then may He think of this
Small, kindly deed,
And fill with heavenly grace
My hour of need.

Confidence

NANCY BUCKLEY

No burning road without its shadows cool;
No desert waste without its limpid pool;
No wind-tossed tree without some sheltering
For every tiny, helpless, feathered thing;
No night without, somewhere, a beacon star;
No stormy sea without its harbor bar;
No restless day without its twilight calm;
No wounded heart without some healing balm;
And, God be thanked!—for every struggling soul,
The Port of Peace, the victor's welcome goal.

The Goodness of the Sacred Heart

MARY PRESTON PARKER

"A NEW patient for the men's ward, Miss Preston," said Joe, the orderly of the hospital for tubercular patients.

"Take him to the office, Joe, so that I may investigate and assign him a bed in the ward."

"I can't. He's bedridden. They brought him in an ambulance, just now," replied the orderly.

Miss Preston, whose duties were many and varied, took a questionnaire and went to the ward to interview the stranger.

He was an old man, almost blind, and very much wasted by the disease.

"Good morning, sir," she greeted cheerily. "May I ask your name and age?"

"John—. I am eighty-four years old," replied the patient.

"Then you will be the grandfather of the ward, and we shall call you 'Grandpa'; for you are the oldest patient in the hospital," said the nurse.

In reply to the question concerning his religion, the old man assured her that he belonged to the Salvation Army.

"And have you no other religion?" she queried.

"That's my religion," he asserted with much spirit.

After Miss Preston had finished her questionnaire and filed it in the office with many others, she returned to her patient to take his temperature and pulse. On turning back the covers, she noticed a badge of the Sacred Heart pinned to the old man's underwear.

"Grandpa," she began, "were you ever a Catholic?"

"No," he answered very positively, "no, I am

not a Catholic. I told you I belong to the Salvation Army," and he turned his head.

The idea occurred to the young woman that the old man was afraid that the people in his new surroundings would be prejudiced if they knew he was a Catholic, and so she said rather warmly,

"Grandpa, I am a Catholic, and several of the patients here near you are Catholics."

The poor man looked up hesitatingly.

"If I would say I belong to the Catholic Church, they would put me out of here. I am sick, and almost blind. I have no place to go."

Miss Preston assured him and reassured him that he would not be turned away because of his religion. She suggested that he must have some claim on the Church, since he wore a badge of the Sacred Heart.

"Have I a badge?" he asked. "I did not know it. But — — — I will tell you. I was baptized when only a baby, and I remember that my mother often took me to Church. She used to put my hand in the Holy Water, and taught me the sign of the cross. But my mother died when I was very young. My father's people being Protestants, I was put in a Protestant orphanage. Later I was adopted by a non-Catholic family, who were very prejudiced against Catholics. For many years I said the little prayer my mother had taught me. I always wished to be a Catholic, but I have lived most of my life in non-Catholic surroundings and among prejudiced people."

When Father McShane, the chaplain, made his next visit to the ward, Miss Preston told

(Continued on page 173)



CHURCH AND RESIDENCE OF BENEDICTINE MISSIONARY IN MANCHURIA

The Blessed Don John Bosco

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

CHAPTER IV

IL GRIGIO—THE FAITHFUL HOUND; THE FIRST COOPERATOR

MANY, may I venture to say, all the saints have had a great affection for dumb animals. Of course, some were fonder of them than others. There is St. Roch with his famous dog, and foremost among animal lovers the great Seraphic of Assisi, the tender-hearted, broad-minded St. Francis—Il Poverello. So gentle and kind a man as Don John Bosco was naturally the friend of the friend of man.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Il Grigio—the grey dog—was not only the friend of our saint, he was also his protector. He was a rather mysterious animal, coming and going more or less at his own sweet will, but when John Bosco wanted him, he was always on the spot.

About 1851 Don Bosco was attacked on several occasions by armed assassins, he invoked the aid of the law, and the gendarmes were informed, still the attacks continued.

One night when he was returning home alone late at night, a splendid grey dog came up to him, wagged his tail, and accompanied him to the oratory. This the dog did every night that Don Bosco was without a companion.

One evening two scoundrels attacked Don Bosco and would probably have killed him; however, as soon as the holy man called Grigio, that dauntless dog came to the rescue, sprang at the ruffians, got each by the throat and threw them to the ground, howling and screaming and imploring their intended victim to come to their aid and prevent Grigio from tear-

ing them to pieces. "Call him off! pacify him, Father!" they shouted. He did so, and when he arrived at the oratory he was greeted by Maman Margaret, who kissed her son, and petted and patted the faithful honest dog.

Some time previously Maman Margaret had taken up her abode with Don Bosco and his boys. By the advice of friends he had asked her to come and live with him and his dear lads. She agreed to do so and thus became the grandmother of hundreds of boys.

The return of Don Bosco with his mother, Mamma Margaret, is a charming episode. They made the journey from Becchi to Turin, some thirty miles, on foot, like the Apostles of olden times. Don Bosco carried his breviary, a missal, and some exercise books, while his mother had a basket containing a few necessary things. They stopped at Chieri, at a friend's house, and after some refreshment resumed their way.

When they reached Turin, and were near Valdocco, a good priest, Fr. Vola Juniore, met them. He noticed their weary state, their dusty attire, and hearing of the distance they had walked he was full of admiration. He had no money to offer them, but he drew forth his watch and handed it to Don Bosco for an alms. The latter gave it to his mother, remarking that it was a proof of the care of Divine Providence. "Let us go on courageously."

Thus, at the beginning of an important new step, a cooperator stands by. He was surely a forerunner and a predecessor of countless others,—willing and generous instruments in the hands of God. During the rest of Maman Margaret's life, she devoted herself heart and soul to her son and his lads. She often said to him: "Do not seek after splendor and glory in your undertaking. Seek God's glory and poverty as its source. Do not have with you people who admire poverty in others, but do not preach it themselves. The most efficacious and fruitful way of teaching is by example."

In November, 1850, this dear



OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

kind mother was taken ill. A slight cold developed into pneumonia and, notwithstanding the devoted care of John and Joseph and the doctors, the end came on the 25th of November. John administered the last sacraments. At her earnest request he pronounced each word distinctly. "Speak slowly, I would like to follow them," she sighed, and then: "Leave me, dearest, go and pray for me. It gives me too poignant agony to see you suffer. Go, my dearest son, and pray, pray—"

He went and her elder son Joseph remained, received her last sigh and closed her eyes. He brought the sad news to John, at three a. m. on the 25th of November.

CHAPTER 5

THE SOCIETY OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

"DA mihi animas, caetera tolle," "Give me souls, O Lord, and take everything else." This favorite saying of St. Francis de Sales might be styled John Bosco's slogan. It was written up in his own little room, it and another striking sentence: "One thing is necessary, to save my soul."

Don Bosco always had a very special devotion to the gentle Saint, so very special and so very ardent, that he dedicated his first Oratory, to St. Francis de Sales and afterwards the new Oratory, calling it "The Society of St. Francis de Sales." This title was afterwards shortened into Salesian. Father Bonetti, S. C., in his charming and instructive "History of Don Bosco's early Apostolate," gives some of the reasons that determined the Blessed Founder for placing his sons under the protection of the saintly Bishop of Geneva—"It may be interesting to know why the first Oratory was dedicated in honor of St. Francis de Sales. There was more than one reason for it. In order to carry on the new undertaking, several priests were already partly cooperating with Don Bosco and the above-mentioned Marchioness Barolo wished him to give the title of St. Francis to this company of priests. Another reason was that the position of spiritual director and guide to hundreds of youths, which Don Bosco filled, called especially for the exercise of meekness and forbearance—qualities in which St. Francis de Sales was a model. Another consideration was that just at that time the ideas of various sects, were rapidly spreading throughout the north of Italy, and especially in Turin. Don Bosco, therefore, desired to obtain the assistance of that great champion of the Faith, who had in his own time overcome so many of the sects, and accomplished great things for the good of the Church."

This first Oratory was opened on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Vir-



OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS
BASILICA AT TURIN

gin, Dec. 8th, 1844, for, needless to relate, Our Blessed Lady was always first in Don Bosco's thoughts and he committed himself and his boys to her loving care. Many were the Oratories he erected, before he finally reached his objective, the foundation of the Society of St. Francis de Sales. Long was the trail and stiff and thorny the road he trod before he triumphed over his foes and over the hatred of Mammon and Co. For more than one year his dearest friends deserted him, and only Blessed Joseph Cafasso and one or two others remained faithful.

It's a long long way to—Rome, nevertheless John Bosco found his way to the Eternal City, not once but several times. In February, 1858, he arrived in Rome and spent some little time at the residence of the Comte de Menstre. On the 20th of the same month he had an interview with Cardinal Antonelli and this great and deservedly popular prince succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Holy Father for this humble priest of Lombardy who was to become in the course of time even greater and more popular.

Pius IX then sat on the throne of the Fisherman and he and the humble John Bosco at once recognized kindred souls in each other. They discussed the work already accomplished by Don Bosco and the mighty work he fondly hoped to accomplish in the near future, with the cooperation and approval of the Vicar of Christ. On the 21st of March they again met, and it was on this occasion that Pius IX entertained, and finally ordered, him to write his memoirs—these wonderful memoirs that enable us to glimpse at first hand the marvellous workings of his mind and heart, the grand and noble ideals that filled his soul with dreams, ideals that were to become realities.

John Bosco paid more visits to the Eternal

City before his Society received the sanction of the Holy See. On the 14th of May, 1862, he received the first vows of twenty-two novices in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and seven years later the Holy Father approved of the constitutions and deigned to place the new Society under the special and direct authority of the Vicar of Christ.

The Marquis Crispolti in his charming life of Don Bosco describes the event as follows: "The decision from Rome was now not long in coming. On July 23rd of the same year, 1864, the the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, with the sanction of the Pope, issued the decree of commendation regarding the existence and spirit of the new Society, nominating Don Bosco the Superior General for life. The formal approbation of the constitution was deferred to a more suitable date and in the meantime thirteen observations were made upon the Society of St. Francis de Sales, as it was officially styled. In regard to some of these Don Bosco put forward further requests and they were partly changed; the Society was granted the faculty of releasing from the vows, of granting the dimissorial letters for promotion to Holy Orders, conditional dispensation from asking the permission of the Holy See in regard to sales and loans, and the Bishops were given the right of authorizing the foundations of new churches.

The negotiations were long drawn out and at times very thorny, particularly after the death of Archbishop Riccardi, when Mgr. Gastaldi succeeded to the Archiepiscopal See of Turin. The latter had at one time been a staunch friend, a coworker, a strenuous defender of Don Bosco's work; he had taught sacred eloquence for some time to his clerics and priests, and had furthered ecclesiastical training and career in many ways. On the other hand, his virtue and great learning had always been held in great respect and admiration by Don Bosco and his followers. But when he was promoted to the See of Saluzzo, and afterwards to Turin, he displayed an aversion to the young Society, fearing in particular that by educating young clerics it might lessen the episcopal authority. Although treated coldly and harshly by the Archbishop, even in his personal relations with him, Don Bosco never lost confidence in God, and imposed silence on those among his subjects and friends who were tempted to retaliate. And he won the victory. Although the opposition continued, the definite approbation of the Society came on April 3rd, 1874, making the concessions for which Don Bosco had appealed. The status of the new Society may be judged from the program set out for it at the head of the constitutions.

"The object of the Salesian Society is the

Christian perfection of its members, the exercise of every work of charity both spiritual and temporal towards young boys, especially the poor, and the education of young clerics. The Society has within its priests, clerics, and lay brothers.

In order to carry out this programme the Salesians shall direct their care:

- (a) To festive oratories;
- (b) To schools of arts and trades for young artisans, and also to agricultural schools;
- (c) To the training of young aspirants to the priesthood;
- (d) To religious instruction by means of missions, sermons, and books;
- (e) To the promotion of religious associations;
- (f) To the establishment of primary schools and colleges for boarders and day scholars;
- (g) To the education and training of clerics;
- (h) To the foreign missions, and in exceptional cases to other works of charity.

"To meet the special needs of youthful aspirants to the priesthood who prefer to enter our houses, or who for want of means would not be able to pursue their studies elsewhere, schools shall be opened in which the curriculum shall be expressly adapted for the training of vocations to the ecclesiastical state. The same applies to the houses for tardy vocations, viz: for those aspirants to the religious life and foreign missions, who owing to their more advanced age, would not be able to follow out their vocations in the ordinary seminaries."

This last foundation was planned and realized by Don Bosco in 1876 when he saw that vocations should be fostered, not only among his pupils, but among those in other circumstances, especially among those to whom a vocation comes later in life, or is encompassed with various difficulties. He saw that unless special rules and allowances were made for this latter class, they would be long considering their vocation, and seldom find the means for its realization.

(To be continued)

Hail! To Our Lady

ELIZABETH VOSS

Through our hearts a song is ringing
Hail, our Lady, full of grace!
Hear our faithful voices singing,
As we run our earthly race.

Hail, O fair one, down the ages!
Sinless one, without a peer,
Shining bright on history's pages,
Thee we honor and revere.

Pearl Hunting Along the Mississippi River

FRANK HERBERT SWEET

"FIND pearls, real honest-to-goodness, big-money pearls in the mud flats of the muddy Mississippi?" scoffed a contemptuous listener to something I had been saying. "Why, man alive, I've made two trips down that way selling lightning rods, talked with sleepy dealers whose stores overlooked some of those very mud reaches, fished out there once, too, and nobody ever found any pearls on me. If you'd said granddaddy mudfish, or overgrown clams, I might be able to swallow. But pearls!"

"Maybe you wouldn't recognize one if you saw it," drawled a voice, "or if you did get your fingers entangled round a big one, you'd use it for a sinker to help catch the mudfish. You understand."

But the drummer only snorted and stalked away in search of an audience on which he could unfold yarns instead of listening to what he believed a bald whopper gathered from a place he had been to twice and "seen with his own eyes."

The above is a bit of literal conversation, and the drummer was by no means an exception. Two thirds of the listeners expressed their full and unqualified disbelief in such yarns. And yet, if they had lived anywhere along the upper Mississippi, or even had read the newspapers with a measure of belief, such truth would have become almost commonplace. Doubtless many of them had read accounts of pearl findings, and given them the same amount of credence as they did what I said. And yet the treasure-trove and to-be-trove are there, just as true as the big river itself. Men are there, many, who devote themselves exclusively to the quest, as did the old prospector of the golden West to his rainbow dreaming, but unlike him, these "professional" seekers of the great river and these seekers who give only the leisure from regular occupations, find pearls with sufficient frequency to keep them ever keen and hopeful in the search. It may be only a tiny pearl, worth but a few cents or a few dollars, but it gives them faith for a big one the next day or the next week. So from the finding of the first pearl, they have been searching, searching for more.

But the old-time, oar-propelled boats have given place almost entirely to power craft of many kinds and prices. For clamming purposes, wooden supports of narrow boards three feet long are fastened in an upright position on both sides of the boat, two boards on each side. A long bar rests on these standards.

Short ropes tipped with several crow foot hooks hang down close together from either bar. In the boat always rides the "mule," a frame four feet square covered with canvas.

It is with such an outfit the clam digger sets forth in the fog of the early morning. When the clam bed is reached, he drops the "mule" obliquely into the water, and its purpose, as the boat speeds up, is immediately discerned. One of the long bars is then lowered with a rope until the hooks are felt to drag well on the river bed, and all is ready to make the first drift. The boat is usually allowed to float about one hundred yards. The clams are lying open in the mud on the river below, usually with their hinge side uppermost. The hooks drag over them, catch in the shell, touch the flesh of the mollusk, and he shuts up with a vim and tenacity which throws light on the origin of the saying, "Shuts up like a clam." When the bar is raised at the end of the "drift," all the way from a dozen to several dozen drabby clams are swung up on the hooks. The motor is started, and the boat swung about, and is steered upstream to the head of the bed again.

In the days before power did the work, it required considerable time to row the clumsy heavy boat back, not to mention the labor under the hot summer sun. With power the boat is back in a jiffy and ready in a few minutes for another drift. The mule is set again, the other bar lowered and a second drift begins. The clams meanwhile are pulled off the hooks of the first bar and tossed in a pile in the stern of the boat. Then once more the clam digger may sit and smoke his pipe while the landscape moves slowly by and the clams below get onto the hooks and hold on for dear life.

So passes the day. At night he will have shells enough to earn a daily wage by their sale to the pearl button factories. Also, and herein lies the romance of the clam digger's profession, in one of those shiny shells, perhaps the very ugliest and wartiest one, there may be hidden a pearl, "the richest merchandise of all the most sovereign commodity throughout the whole world."

"Boiling out" tells the story. After a ton or more shells have been gathered the clammer boils them out at his houseboat on the shore, or his tent on an island. A wooden box some six feet long, three feet wide and four feet high, with a metal bottom is used for this purpose. This stands over a fire trench dug in the ground. The box is filled with clams, and sev-

"Behold, O God our Protector, and look upon the face of
Thine Anointed: for better is a single day in Thy courts
than a thousand without them. How dear is Thy dwelling

THE LAMBENT AC

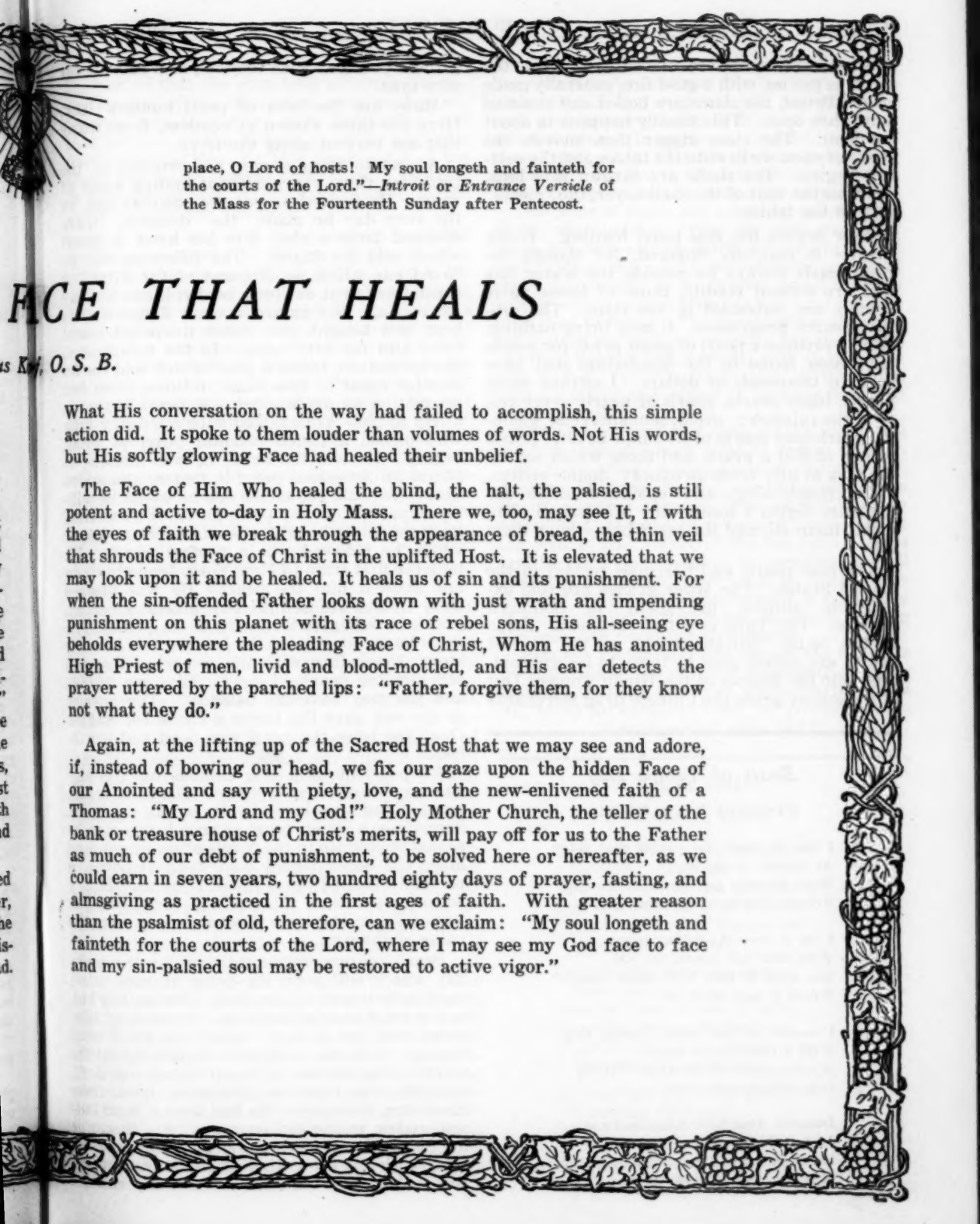
Placidus K., O.



LADDENING tidings, radiating from the empty tomb of the gloriously risen Savior like so many gilded shafts of hope-inspiring light, were filtering through the dense clouds of doubt, uncertainty and fear that brooded over the painful void in the hearts of the orphan Apostles, assembled in the room of the Last Supper. As the first roseate rays of the new-born Easter sun fired the tiled

roofs and weather-grooved walls of the deicide city's hived houses, the holy women came running with fear and great joy, bearing to the startled disciples the glad news that the Master was risen. But they believed not these idle tales. Then Peter and John, in order to verify this report, ran to the garden grave where they saw the linen cloths lying and the napkin that had been about His head, but the Master they saw not. Peter went away, wondering in himself at that which had come to pass. John "saw and believed." Then Mary Magdalen cometh and telleth the disciples: "I have seen the Lord."—The day was now declining and the pensive assembly in the cenacle was piecing together the day's reports. Of a sudden, two disciples, coming in hot haste from Emmaus, breathless with exuberant joy, burst into the upper room, proclaiming: "The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared to Simon." And they told what things were done in the way, and how they knew Him in the breaking of bread.

They knew Him in the breaking of bread! Mary, the penitent, who loved much, beholding through tear-dimmed eyes the eagerly-sought Master, knew Him not until His forgiving lips parted to utter her name in the tenderest accents of the voice she knew so well. The eyes of the two disciples, veiled by a doubting faith, knew Him not until He broke bread.



place, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—*Introit or Entrance Versicle* of the Mass for the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

FACE THAT HEALS

us Ky, O. S. B.

What His conversation on the way had failed to accomplish, this simple action did. It spoke to them louder than volumes of words. Not His words, but His softly glowing Face had healed their unbelief.

The Face of Him Who healed the blind, the halt, the palsied, is still potent and active to-day in Holy Mass. There we, too, may see It, if with the eyes of faith we break through the appearance of bread, the thin veil that shrouds the Face of Christ in the uplifted Host. It is elevated that we may look upon it and be healed. It heals us of sin and its punishment. For when the sin-offended Father looks down with just wrath and impending punishment on this planet with its race of rebel sons, His all-seeing eye beholds everywhere the pleading Face of Christ, Whom He has anointed High Priest of men, livid and blood-mottled, and His ear detects the prayer uttered by the parched lips: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Again, at the lifting up of the Sacred Host that we may see and adore, if, instead of bowing our head, we fix our gaze upon the hidden Face of our Anointed and say with piety, love, and the new-enlivened faith of a Thomas: "My Lord and my God!" Holy Mother Church, the teller of the bank or treasure house of Christ's merits, will pay off for us to the Father as much of our debt of punishment, to be solved here or hereafter, as we could earn in seven years, two hundred eighty days of prayer, fasting, and almsgiving as practiced in the first ages of faith. With greater reason than the psalmist of old, therefore, can we exclaim: "My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord, where I may see my God face to face and my sin-palsied soul may be restored to active vigor."

eral pails of water are turned over them, the cover is put on, with a good fire, generally made of driftwood, the clams are boiled and steamed until they open. This usually happens in about an hour. The clam digger then shovels the mass of open shells onto the tables and the sorting begins. The shells are thrown into bins, to await the visit of the shell buyer, the "meats" left on the tables.

Now begins the real pearl hunting. Every bivalve is carefully fingered, for though the best pearls always lie outside the water line and are noticed readily, those of lesser value usually are imbedded in the clam. The diligent search progresses. It may bring nothing. It may produce a pearl of great price, for pearls have been found in the Mississippi that have sold for thousands of dollars. Lustrous white pearls, black pearls, pearls of nearly every color of the rainbow; ovoid, semispherical, globular pearls and pearls of no shape at all; pearls valued at \$50 a grain, and those which sell by the sack at fifty cents an ounce; double enders, button pearls, slugs, and "chicken feed," to use the clam digger's terms—the Mississippi clam yields them all, and the pearl buyer buys them all.

The best pearls and baroques remain in the United States. The lower grades are sold extensively abroad, principally in Southern Europe. The Turk is a fine customer. Some of the better "chicken feed," as the poorest pearls are called, goes to India to be embroidered into the bodices of the Hindu women. Out of the lowest grade the Chinese drug merchants

grind a powder which they sell as a remedy for sore eyes.

Many are the tales of pearl hunters' luck. Here are three chosen at random, from many that are current along the river.

A certain clam digger had worked at the trade for three years without finding much of value. He decided to quit the business and, on the very day he made the decision, there dropped from a shell into his hand a pearl which sold for \$2,000. The following day he found one which he disposed of for \$700. A seamstress went out for a boat ride one Sunday afternoon. She passed a clam digger in his boat and bought two dozen unopened clams from him for fifty cents. In the fourth shell she opened she found a pearl which sold for an amount equal to two years' returns from her occupation as dressmaker. A pearl buyer on a trip to New York talked with a wealthy man who owned a tinted oriental pearl of great beauty. He told the buyer he was anxious to secure an American pearl to match, and added that if he could get such a one he would be willing to pay almost any price for it. Two months later the buyer bought a pearl of a clam digger which he believed was a perfect match. He took the first train to New York, found his man and showed him the pearl. He was pleased with it, but refused to buy unless a certain jeweler would give testimony to its quality. The pearl buyer sought out the jeweler, told him the story, concluding with the remark, "You can sell him the pearl. I can't. Give me \$6,000, and you may have the balance." The jeweler in the end gave the buyer a check for \$5,200. One year later the pearl was dead and worthless.

All pearl hunting is a gamble, but the biggest gamble of all is "peeling." The fresh water pearl is built up layer by layer like an onion. Sometimes a rough pearl of poor lustre may be peeled by a knife in the hands of an expert, and after the outer layers have been removed, a perfectly shaped pearl lustre remains. It is a delicate operation, this peeling, for should the knife slip in the least a scratch may ruin the value of the gem.

Pearl hunters, while waiting for the lucky day which will yield the pearl of rare value, earn daily wages selling shells after boiling out, to the pearl button factories. Previous to 1890 there was not a pearl factory in the United States. Now the country is buttoning up the world. The founder of the industry was J. H. Beopple, who came to Muscatine, Iowa, from Hamburg, Germany. He had been a pearl button maker in the old country. At Muscatine he found the banks of the Mississippi River filled with the same kind of shells from which the buttons had been cut in Germany and the

Boats of Tampa Bay

KATHERINE BANTA BOWLEY

I like to watch the yachts that ride
At anchor in the bay;
Their queenly manner with the tide
Brings dreams of splendor gay.

I see in awe the fishing boat
With four tall masts, for she
Has come to port from lands remote
Where I may never be.

I wonder at the quaint sponge ship
With all her divers brave.
My inland life seems dull; I'll dip
Into adventure's wave!

But oh! that little houseboat near
Just rocking in the foam!
Her lights shine friendly, soft and clear,
And make me long for home.

other European countries for half a century. He learned that the clam beds all along the upper reaches of the Mississippi were no less extensive than they were near Muscatine, and that not one of the billions of shells had ever produced a button. He took home some of the shells and made buttons from them. He tried to interest capital in the development of the great unexploited resource.

At first he met with no encouragement but the full amount of ridicule accorded to the man who essays to do something different from his fellowmen; yet he went on making buttons. Ultimately he was successful in organizing a company and opening a small button factory at Muscatine, equipped like the factories of Germany. There was no thought of pearls in the beginning, but, in getting the clams for the little factory, pearls were discovered. Up and down the river thrilled the news of the discovery, and in a few months clam digging had boomed into an enormous industry. Thousands of boats were on the river, and veritable clambers' villages sprang up on the islands and shores. The climax came in 1903. In that year at one small town in Iowa there were a thousand clambers at work within a radius of a few miles, and \$400,000 worth of pearls were found.

Meanwhile the button business had grown with no less rapidity. Muscatine with forty factories had become the pearl button center of the world. Factories had opened in nearly every river town and even village, and many factories in the large industrial centers of the East.

The sudden and immense appropriation of the Mississippi did not happen without certain inevitable results. In the beginning the clam supply seemed inexhaustible. The digger could find a clam bed within rowing distance of a camp at almost any place on the river, and extract a ton of shells from the muck of the river bottom. But ruthless digging for many years has depleted the clam beds far faster than nature could replenish them. For a time the industry was threatened with extinction, but several things the past few years have happened to prevent this and to stabilize the industry. It now seems assured of a permanent life. One of the greatest factors in maintaining the industry has been the introduction of power boats for the diggers' use. As the beds have become depleted and the yield less abundant the clammer has been forced to go further afield and work over a much larger area than in the boom days. This was out of the question with a row-boat, but with power a clammer may ply his trade for eight and ten miles up and down from his home. As shells have become scarcer the yield of a day has become greatly reduced.

Here again has the motor made it possible for the clammer to continue his business, for so little time is lost in getting to and from the beds and between drifts that most of the day actual fishing is in progress. Indeed, there are those who claim that the power boats have saved the day in the pearl industry, though there are other factors that have helped.

The price of shells has advanced enormously. Shells that used to bring six and seven dollars a ton, now sell for thirty-five and forty dollars. More than this, the inferior grade of shells which used to be thrown away are now salable, every one, at better prices than the best ones used to bring. The pearl button factories are competing with one another for shells, and the shell buyer's motor boats, with barges usually in tow, are commonly seen on the river, visiting towns and camps to load up shells for the factories.

The Government has come to the aid of the industry also and built a large station at Fairport, Iowa, where propagation of clams is conducted. Millions of clams are being planted in the Mississippi through this artificial means every year, and also in tributary rivers, for as the beds of the Father of Waters have become less in size, clam diggers are seeking out all branches and plying their trade on them. This first aid work of the Government is beginning to show results, and with less voracious digging the beds are renewing themselves.

Another factor that has been a big help has been the discovery that the fragments of shells after buttons are cut from them, when ground up, make an excellent food for poultry. This

(Continued on page 181)

Sea Gulls

STEPHEN WHITE

Ships, and white birds patiently

Following, following.

Winds blow strong and winds blow free—

Ever the white doves of the sea,

Ever the sea's white pigeons are

Following, following.

Over the blue fields and away,

Following, following.

Over the silver shocks of spray,

Under the blazing bowl of day,

Under the first pale evening star,

Following, following.

And are they still, when gloom swings low,

Following, following?

Or do they rest, frail froths of snow,

Night's wings over them? This I know,

Morning shall find them near and far,

Following, following.

Some Benedictine Martyrs

FLORENCE GILMORE

THERE was a time not many years ago when martyrdom seemed almost unreal, and martyrs, nearly as unsubstantial as the heroes of mythology or the painted saints in some old and fading fresco; but, of late, the ruthless Soviet government and the barbarous Calles régime have proven that hatred of the Church—as of old, cloaked by political expediency—is as strong as in the day of Nero; it has shown, too, that men and women are no less ready than in the Ages of Faith, joyously to die for love of Jesus Christ.

The recent martyrdoms, details of which are still but unsatisfactorily known to the Catholic world, tend to arouse fresh interest in other comparatively modern persecutions—those in China and Korea in the nineteenth century, for instance, and the long drawn-out agony of the Catholics of England in the time of Henry VIII and his successors. Among the victims of the English Terror some have been beatified; others have been declared Venerable, and their cause is being pushed at Rome. Among these latter were priests, religious, and secular, and lay-folk, both men and women. It is interesting to single out a number of the Benedictines whose lives were so beautiful, whose deaths so heroic, that to recall them sets the coldest heart afire.

One of the most widely known and most attractive of them all is Venerable Mark Barkworth. He was born in Lincolnshire, in 1572, and was executed at Tyburn when he was twenty-nine years of age. His father was a Protestant, so he was educated at Oxford, but in 1594 he was converted by a Flemish Jesuit. It is told that not long afterward he had a vision of St. Benedict, who told him that he would die a martyr, and wearing the Benedictine habit.

It was at the English College, in Rome, that he made his studies; and he was ordained there in 1599. At once he set forth for England, stopping on his way at a Benedictine Abbey in Navarre. It was his ardent desire to be received into the Order, and he was permitted to become an Oblate, with the privilege of making his profession at the hour of death.

Perils beset him on his journey to England, and no sooner had he landed there than he was arrested and sent to Newgate prison. There he lay for six months in a cold cell, and was afterwards transferred to Bridewell. When examined and re-examined before his judges, Father Barkworth showed entire fearlessness and boyish gaiety. He was condemned to "Limbo," a horrible dungeon in Newgate, there to await a

cruel death at Tyburn. On the way to his new cell he overheard a man in the street inquire of another bystander if this remarkable-looking prisoner had been the leader of a recent riot. "No," Father Barkworth answered for himself, "I am a soldier of Christ, about to die for his Faith."

He went to Tyburn clothed in his Benedictine habit, and bound to the same hurdle as Father Filcock, a Jesuit. It was in February, the first Sunday of Lent, and a bitterly cold day. On the way Father Barkworth intoned the verse of the Psalm, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad therein." The Jesuit took up the refrain; and thus singing and praying together they made the terrible journey to the place of execution.

On reaching Tyburn they found that Venerable Anne Lyne had just been martyred there; and Father Barkworth kissed her dress, saying, "Ah sister, thou hast got the start of us, but we will follow thee as quickly as we may." To the people who had gathered at the spot to see them die, he said, "I am come here to die, being a Catholic, a priest, and a religious, belonging to the Order of St. Benedict. It was by this same Order that England was converted."

When his outer clothing was removed it was seen that under his habit he wore a hair shirt; it was noted, too, that his knees were hardened by constant kneeling on the stone floor of his dungeon.—What a hero, what a saint he was, this tall, burly man, with the ever-smiling face!

Venerable Edward Barlow is another Benedictine who deserves most reverential remembrance. In his own day he greatly edified the faithful by the austerity of his life and by his gentle charity. So cheerful was he that he was often compared to that most cheery of all saints, Blessed Thomas More.

After twenty years of difficult and dangerous labor in the English mission, he was, at last, arrested in Lancaster, and kept in prison for four months. Having confessed that he was a priest—a crime in the eyes of Elizabethan law—Father Barlow was hanged, drawn, and quartered not far from the walls of his prison.

George Gervase, another Benedictine martyr, had a most unusual and eventful life. While still a child he lost both parents, and shortly afterwards was kidnapped by pirates who carried him to the West Indies. There he was held captive for twelve years. He lost his faith during this terrible time; but on returning to England and finding that his eldest brother had voluntarily

exiled himself in Flanders that he might practice his religion in peace, Gervase followed him there, and quickly returned to the practice of his religion. At the age of twenty-four he entered the English College at Rome to study for the priesthood, and was ordained eight years later. He then promptly returned to his own country, where for two years he labored successfully. In 1606 he was arrested, and banished. Having made a pilgrimage to Rome he entered the Benedictine Order; and his brother, eager to keep him out of danger, obtained for him a comfortable living near Lille. But Gervase would have none of it. Soon he was again in England, where almost immediately he was again recognized and imprisoned. Convicted of the crime of being a priest, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn.

Another interesting martyr is Venerable Alban Roe, who was executed at Tyburn, in 1641. It was a visit to a Catholic, imprisoned for his Faith, that unsettled his trust in the Protestant position, and he soon sought instruction and was received into the Church. He entered a Benedictine novitiate, and after his ordination to the priesthood was sent to the English mission. Everywhere spies were on the alert, and he was soon trapped. He was kept in prison for six years, during which he won many souls to God, and was then banished. Nothing daunted, Father Roe returned to England four months later, was soon arrested, and found worthy of death for being a priest. On the morning of his execution he said Mass in his cell and preached to the few who were present. When he was led into the courtyard of the prison he found that Thomas Reynolds, a secular priest, was already bound to the hurdle that was to drag them both to Tyburn. Father Roe, who had always loved a joke, felt Father Reynolds' pulse, and asked him how he was feeling. "In very good heart, blessed be God for it! And glad that I am to have for my companion in death a man of your undaunted courage," Father Reynolds answered.

As they were being dragged through the filthy streets each priest heard the other's confession; and on reaching their destination they congratulated each other warmly, and kissed the ropes that were to hang them.—Of such stuff are martyrs made!

No less heroic was Thomas Pickering, a gentle, old Benedictine lay brother who was most unjustly and even ridiculously accused of having attempted to kill the king, Charles II. It was in 1665, five years after making his vows, that he was sent to London where, as procurator of the little Benedictine community who served the queen's royal chapel, he became known to the king. In 1675 Charles II issued a proclamation ordering the Benedictines to leave England within a fixed time, but he excluded

Brother Pickering, probably on the ground that he was not a priest. Three years later there came the so-called revelations of Titus Oates, which implicated gentle Brother Pickering. Although there was not a shred of evidence against him, except the word of the notorious Oates, he was condemned to the usual horrible death at Tyburn.

The king knew him to be innocent, and weakly tried to save him without angering the excited, overwrought populace. Twice he reprieved him and two others who were to have been executed with him on the same charge. At length he permitted the hanging of the other two, hoping that the people would then be satisfied; but the House of Commons petitioned for the execution of Brother Pickering, the king yielded, and he was executed in May, 1670, when he was about sixty years of age.

Knowing that his religion was the cause of the prejudice against him, and hence of his death, Brother Pickering went joyously to the scaffold. After the rope had been placed about his neck and a cap thrown over his face he was urged to confess his crime. Pushing up the cap he smiled down upon the crowd, saying, "Is this the face of a man guilty of great a crime?"

With these last brave words, and this last fearless smile we may well leave them: the glorious Benedictine martyrs, who had lived to preserve the Faith in England, and died in its defence.

The Goodness of the Sacred Heart

(Continued from page 163)

him the life-story of the sick man. The latter was taken with the kindness and gentleness of the good priest and readily consented to the instruction in his holy religion. When sufficiently versed in the doctrines of Mother Church, he received his first Holy Communion and was prepared for death.

When his daughter came to visit her aged father, Miss Preston inquired about the badge of the Sacred Heart that had been the means of bringing the man into the Church.

"Our neighbor," she said, "is a Catholic. A few nights before we brought my father here, he was very low. I called in my friend and she pinned that badge on him. He seemed to get better after that, and I just left it there."

How wonderful are the ways of the dear Sacred Heart to bring this old man back to the Church, when, through no fault of his own he had been deprived of the consolation of Mother Church for so many years.

God alone knows how far we should have advanced towards perfection if every Communion had been received devoutly.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

EVEN IN HOT WEATHER

Hot weather is, generally speaking, hard on the soul. People are tempted during the summer months to ease the body at the expense of the spirit. With scarcely a thought of the possibly serious result they indulge in that natural lassitude which the summer heat engenders. Now, it would be foolish on our part to attempt the bald statement that Catholic liturgy is just the very identical cold plunge or ice bag which people have been seeking in order to stave off the perspiration. That would be a rather far-fetched figure of speech. Yet there is unmistakably a deal of refreshment in the thought that the Church in her liturgical functions has a satisfactory check for the dangers which threaten the souls entrusted to her motherly care. People of the world maintain that *appearances* must be kept up at all costs—even in hot weather! Not satisfied with such a shallow doctrine as this, where God and the soul are concerned, the Church holds that, not only appearances, but also underlying realities must continue to exist under all conditions and in all circumstances. If, as a French writer says, "the rôle of the liturgy is to establish official relations between heaven and earth," this rôle is carried out in summer as well as in winter. There is no break in the usual order of services, no closing of doors in Catholic churches because of the heat. The liturgy is carried on just the same, with no noticeable difference except the extra amount of sacrifice which the worshipers must make in order to attend Mass and Benediction.

THE DRAWING CARD

Surely it is an inspiring sight to see how well filled Catholic churches are each Sunday morning. It is the liturgy of the Mass which draws the crowds to the foot of the altar. The knowledge that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the one, great, liturgical prayer of all Christendom is what causes pious determination to triumph over personal inconvenience, real or imaginary. The conviction that public, official prayer weighs more with God than the puny efforts of the individual lends a persuasive appeal to the command of the Decalogue: Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day. The radio can never fill the spiritual needs of the masses. It may be able to transmit the sermon, the music, the singing; but these do not begin to exhaust the ample possibilities of the sacred liturgy. How often, when we were listening in on a wonderful program, have we not wished that we might be where it was all going on, so that we could enjoy it to the full! Here is one of the reasons why Sunday services over the radio are a rank failure from a liturgical standpoint. And even were radio and television to be ex-

ploited and made pacticable for all classes of people, so that everyone might hear and at the same time see the Sunday services, there would still be an almost palpable void in the spiritual enjoyment of Sunday.

AN IMPERATIVE CONDITION

Actual, bodily presence in church is a condition which no mechanical device under the sun can supply. Without it, the full effects of the liturgy are lost to the soul. It is because the Church is a visible society that she authorizes and insists upon visible worship, shared in by all the faithful. To be consistent she must, therefore, be vigilant in seeing that all of her children attend the principal liturgical services on Sundays and feast days. In this way alone can that personal contact with God be established and maintained.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

LEO V. LEEDER

On August 20 Holy Mother Church bids us join her in commemorating the virtue of a truly great man. Bernard was a scion of one of the noblest houses in all Burgundy. Although he was the third of a family of seven children, he was reared with particular care, because before his birth a prophecy was made of his future greatness. His love of purity was remarkable, an outcome, no doubt, of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is said that one day when he had inadvertently gazed for some time at a woman, he punished himself by standing up to his neck in the ice-cold water of a pond, whence he was drawn out half frozen. He was scarcely out of his 'teens when he fully realized what he afterward put into words, that "to occupy one's self with God is not to be idle; it is the occupation of occupations." Fully determined to quit the world forever, he left the beautiful palace of Fontaines and appeared with thirty other noblemen, among whom were three of his brothers, and his uncle, before the gates of the Abbey of Cîteaux, begging admission to the ranks of the Cistercians. His petition was granted, and not long after his induction into the ways of monastic life, he was given the task of founding several other houses of the Order. He led his monks to God by his teaching and by his example, and had the happiness of seeing all his brothers and also his father enter upon the same manner of life as himself. He was an austere monk, severe with himself but considerate of others; he was a great Christian orator and thinker, whose homilies on various passages of Holy Scripture still form a part of the Divine Office recited by the clergy and the religious orders throughout the world. His sermons in honor of the Mother of God give a touching proof of his childlike affection for her. The concluding words of the *Salve Regina*, "O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary," are ascribed to him.

His exterior works were manifold. He was the counsellor of popes and princes, he figured prominently in several important Councils of the Church, stamped out

(Continued on page 181)

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Why are extracts from the Psalms used so frequently in Holy Mass and Divine Office instead of extracts from the New Testament?—Davenport, Iowa.

The use of the Psalter in the Mass and Divine Office dates back to the very earliest days. The Psalter, as a prayer, has Apostolic approval. It has been well said: "The Psalter is a most devout and touching form of prayer, because the psalms, very frequently single verses of them, are replete with holy emotions of the soul, or most diversified and sublime acts of virtue." Saint Augustine has beautifully and correctly said: "When the psalm is prayerful, we also pray; if it is plaintive, we also excite ourselves to compunction; if it is joyful, we also rejoice in the Lord; if it is hopeful, we also hope; if it expresses fear, we also fear." The Fathers and Doctors of the Church, almost without exception, dwell in many pages upon the fact that, next to the Lord's Prayer itself, the Psalter is the most perfect prayer ever composed.

Is the Psalter intended to be used as a prayer-book or spiritual reading?—Davenport, Iowa.

Your question is partially answered in the foregoing. The Psalter may be very profitably used as both prayer-book and as spiritual reading. Many of the Saints made part of the psalms their daily spiritual reading.

Is there a Saint Fillan or a Saint Finnan and when is the feast celebrated?—Wichita, Kans.

There is both a Saint Fillan and a Saint Finnan. The former was an Abbot in Scotland and his feast is commemorated on Jan. 9th. Saint Finnan was Bishop of Lindisfarne and Feb. 17th is his feast day.

How many Patriarchates are there in the Church and where are they located?—Leavenworth, Kans.

Twelve: Alexandria, Antioch, Babylon, Bourges, Cilicea, Constantinople, East Indies, West Indies, Jerusalem, Lisbon, Rome, and Venice.

Must a non-Catholic enter the Catholic Church in spite of the objection of his parents?—Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Yes. When one has reached the age of reason and believes that the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ he is obliged to become a Catholic in spite of his parents' objections; Christ has said positively that we must obey God rather than man.

Who is the Patron Saint of farmers and gardeners?—Wellington, Kans.

The Patron Saint of farmers is Saint Walstan, Confessor, and his feast occurs on May 30th. Saint Urban, the martyr, is considered the Patron saint of gardeners and the Church celebrates his memory on May 25th.

What arguments would you give a non-Catholic to prove that all the churches outside of the Catholic are false religions?—Trenton, Mo.

The answer to your question would take entirely too much space to receive full credit. However, here are a few arguments in brief: These denominations claim to follow the Bible, but they explain it (without authority) to suit their purpose; They no longer have the

teachings of the Apostles and the first Christians; None of these denominations were founded by Christ, but all were originated by the individual opinion of some men; These denominations have existed only during the last few years—a long gap exists between them and the time of Christ; These denominations have only parts of the teaching of Christ and do not possess the whole truth—some believe in baptism, others do not—some believe in communion, others do not, etc. There are many other proofs, but lack of space here prevents their being put down in full.

Was the Bible ever published in the German tongue before Luther's time?—Clyde, Mo.

Yes, many times. Dr. W. Walter in his "Middle Age Translations of the Bible into German," a commendable and very critical work, notes fourteen copies of the German Bible before Luther's time: nine at Augsburg, three at Strassburg, one at Basle and one at Nuernberg.

When eating in a public place should a Catholic say prayers before and after the meal?—Chillicothe, Mo.

Yes, by all means. A Catholic should always say his prayers before and after eating. However, in public places it isn't necessary to make the sign of the cross before and after the prayer—the prayer may be said in such a manner as not to attract attention. The editor of this column, in his missionary travels, is often edified to see even non-Catholics in diners and public eating places say their grace at meals.

What Saints are invoked against lightning and fire?—Dawson, Nebr.

Saint Barbara, Virgin and Martyr, whose feast occurs on Dec. 4th, is piously invoked against thunderstorms and lightning. The same Saint and also Saint Lawrence are called upon for protection in case of fire. The latter Saint's feast day is Aug. 10th.

Where did the religion known as the "Seventh Day Adventists" have its origin?—Atchison, Kans.

The sect of Adventists originated in America. This false religion is the result of a religious agitation by one William Miller (1781-1849) begun in the year 1831. They hold to the observance of the old Jewish Sabbath; believe that the dead remain unconscious until the judgment, when the wicked will be destroyed.

How many Catholic Hospitals are there in the United States?—Melcher, Iowa.

At the close of the year 1928 there were 609 hospitals in the United States in care of Catholics. Not all of these are conducted by members of religious communities, but all are under Catholic auspices.

Do any of the American Cardinals belong to the rank of Cardinal-Bishop?—Greeley, Colo.

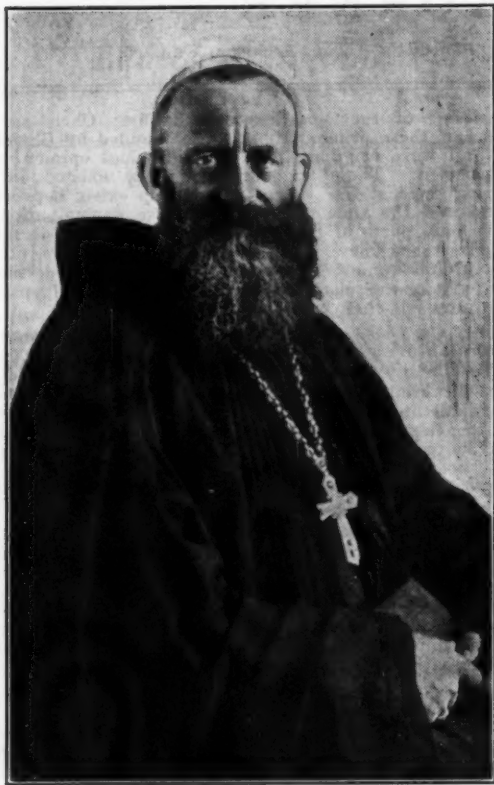
No. All four of the American Cardinals are Cardinal-Priests.

Who are the Patron Saints of Belgium, England and Spain?—Piqua, Kans.

The Patron Saint of Belgium is St. Joseph; of England, St. George; and of Spain, St. James.

May Catholics join the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.—Falls City, Nebr.

Both organizations are strictly Protestant institutions and under the direction of the evangelical churches. Catholics are not allowed to hold offices in either. No Catholic under any circumstance should affiliate with either organization. To say the least, it is unbecoming a gentleman or a lady to have anything to do with an organization in which he or she is debarred from holding office.



RT. REV. GALLUS STEIGER, O. S. B.

Abbot Gallus Steiger, the first Benedictine Abbot in Africa, was solemnly blessed at the Archabbey of St. Ottilien, Germany, June 17, 1928, for the Abbey "Nulius" of Kigonsera in South Africa. The new Abbot was born in Switzerland on March 27, 1879; on Oct. 5, 1902, he was professed and on July 25, 1905, the priesthood was conferred upon him. For the past twenty years he has been on the missions in Africa. On Feb. 22, 1922, the Holy See named him Prefect Apostolic of Lindi, South Africa.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Father Albert C. Roth, S. J., and his twin brother, Father Charles A. Roth, S. J., were ordained by Archbishop Curley at Woodstock, Md., on June 23. Another pair of twins, Fathers Harold and Stanley Driscoll, C. SS. R., received ordination recently at the hands of Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, Auxiliary of New York.

—The brothers James A. and Joseph J. King, both Jesuits, were ordained at the end of June by Archbishop Glennon at St. Louis. Because of the condition

of their father, who has been an invalid for some years, these brothers were ordained a year ahead of time.

—Another pair of brothers, ordained on June 29 by Bishop Gibbons at Albany, N. Y., were Fathers John H. and Thomas M. Newman, M. S., of Waterbury, Conn., members of the missionary congregation of La Salette. Although there is a difference of one year and some months in the ages of these brothers, they have made the full course of studies together.

Benedictine

—At St. Benedict's Convent, St. Joseph, Minn., a convent harboring a thousand sisters, twenty-five young women were recently invested with the habit of St. Benedict.

—The ancient Abbey of St. Bartholomew at Neuburg near Heidelberg in Germany, which was restored by the monks of Beuron in 1926, has its first abbot in Rt. Rev. Adalbert Neipperg, who has been named to that important position by Archabbot Raphael Walzer of Beuron.

—Sr. M. Rosalia Krieger, O. S. B., who died at Mt. St. Scholastica Convent, Atchison, Kansas, on June 23, had been procurator of her community for fifty-two years. Sr. Rosalia was born at Baltimore on March 25, 1854. She is said to have had a "mind for the smallest detail, a heart for the most unimportant joy or pain of others, and time for everybody." Blessed with good health, she worked up to the time of her passing, which was sudden. R. I. P.

—Belmont Abbey in North Carolina, which, besides its seminary, has long conducted a high school, now has a junior college with pre-medical and pre-law courses that lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

—The Holy Father has named to the Archiepiscopal See of Milan, and to the cardinalate, Dom Ildephons Schuster, O. S. B., Abbot-Ordinary of St. Paul's Outside-the-walls, at Rome. Abbot Schuster, who is a consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, was consecrated by the Holy Father himself on July 21. The new Archbishop was born Jan. 18, 1880. He made his religious profession on Nov. 13, 1899, and was ordained to the priesthood on Mar. 19, 1904. The Solemn Abbatial Benediction took place on April 13, 1918.

—The second volume of the revision of the Vulgate, containing the books of *Exodus* and *Leviticus*, was presented at the end of June to the Holy Father as an act of homage on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee.

Gems from St. Bernard's Pen

In God we shall find the fullness of light for our understanding, the abundance of peace for our will, and the continuation of eternity for our memory.

Surely in receiving the gifts thou wilt not forget to kiss the Hand of the Giver.

By striving to lessen your culpability, you detract from the glory of the Divine Mercy which pardons you.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

SIZZLING DAYS

The hot summer is upon the Dakotas now with 100 degrees or more in the shade, everything hard and dry, and very few trees. The mission grounds have been planted with trees brought from the Missouri River, but outside of those, the prairie is entirely bare, and the sun beats down unimpeded. It must be a trial indeed for the missionaries, who have to ride hundreds of miles in a week on distant sick calls and visits to scattered parishes in this blistering sun, as trying as the winters, with their deep snows and low temperatures, and the springs when thaws come, and cars sink down to the hubs in gumbo. Yet some of the missionaries have been doing this, year in year out, for thirty or forty years! How many of us would be willing to leave our comfortable homes in the city and go out with such a sublime love of souls in our hearts that material comforts mean little or nothing to us?

But these missionaries are gradually growing old, and young ones will be needed to help out in the work, which is constantly growing greater, as souls come willingly pouring in like wheat into the granary. The Lord is calling for workers; His harvest is white and ripe and heavy with grain, the harvesters wholly unable to cope with the heavy task, because there are so few! Their parishes are so many and so far apart that it keeps them going all week from one to the other, besides sick calls in between. What a help it would be if a number of young priests could be obtained to aid in this stupendous work, so that one or two missionaries would not have the entire task on their shoulders in each parish!

This is matter for prayer. Do not fail to pray for the missions every day in the year. Pray that our Lord may inspire many generous, unselfish, souls, who have their eyes set on Heaven and not on the fleeting gains of a disappointing world—souls who thirst to increase the number of elect who will some day surround the throne of the Most High—souls who are not afraid to rough it for His sake, who cry out with St. John Vianney, the Curé of Ars, "Lord, give me souls! Souls!"

For that is the very cry of Christ Himself—our Lord wants souls—the souls of His little creatures. He wants them all to be saved, not to be lost, and it rests with His priests, and with us all, who back them, to give Him souls. Read what Jesus said to Sister Benigna Consolata, His holy servant: "My Benigna, I thirst for the souls of my creatures. I hunger, I thirst, I die to be received by my creatures." Who, then, will come to the vineyard of the Lord, so ripe and hanging so full of fruit, waiting to be plucked and brought to His Holy Table?

A LETTER ON VOCATIONS

DEAR CLARE HAMPTON:

I have been reading your articles on the missions, and I am deeply interested. I think it must be wonderful and sublime to devote one's life to teaching the Indians—it offers such scope for humility and devotion and self-sacrifice. I have been especially struck by the dearth of missionaries, and for some months, this thought has been percolating through my brain, and the idea would not leave me. I sort of shied away from it for a long time, but at last it has cornered me. I think our Lord wants something of me, or He would not pursue me so relentlessly. Something keeps saying to me: "They need missionaries; why not you?" I am a stenographer, with no ties or encumbrances, and it seems I cannot answer that question satisfactorily, so at last it has driven me to write to you. I am in doubt as to what I should do. Shall I become a nun, or just a lay missionary? Perhaps if you would name some of the orders to me, and just what they do I could decide. Will you please help me?

Sincerely, N. A. C., Springfield, Mo.

My dear, it does seem as though our Lord is calling you. When an idea like that comes to us and refuses to leave us, we may be sure it is a divine inspiration. As to the orders out on the missions, there are the Benedictine Sisters,* the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, the Grey Nuns of Canada, the Loretto Sisters, Franciscan Sisters, the Ursulines, etc. Then there are Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, which is, as you know, an order for lay-people. These sisters, however, have preferred to live together in a Convent out West in order to help the Indians. There are Missionary Catechists too, who are trained in nursing, hygiene, social service, tabernacle work and religious instruction, and go from one family to another in visitation work. Of course, if you feel that you do not care to bind yourself by vows, you may offer yourself as lay missionary for any length of time you wish.

* The school of Immaculate Conception Indian Mission, Stephan, S. D., is conducted by the Benedictine Sisters of Sacred Heart Convent, Yankton, S. D. This community also conducts a hospital at Yankton.



Papoosees, great and small, welcome the Little Flower at new school

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that they suffered a most terrific hailstorm which destroyed all the fruit blossoms for miles around, besides breaking 196 window panes in the new Little Flower school building. Some of the Indian women gathered handfuls of the hailstones after the storm, and many of them were the size of hens' eggs. Fearful indeed are the odds against which our faithful missionaries work out in this unfriendly western land. No wonder they say it is a place "where men are men," because if they weren't real men, they would not last long. It would seem as if the arch-enemy of mankind purposely places all sorts of hindrances to their work, but when men turn heroic in combating, undiscouraged, all these evils, they become saints in the process. And perhaps that is why our Lord permits it.

We print a picture of the new Little Flower statue, just after it was blessed. The Indian children erected a frame around it, and decorated it with lilacs. At the rear, we see a portion of the new Little Flower school building, which the statue is to adorn. Excavation for the new laundry building is now completed. This building will also house the heating plant for a part of the institution. Equipment for the laundry, school desks, kitchen range, tables, chairs, cots, and school supplies have been ordered. The funds are not on hand, but because the time is so short, Father could not wait, as he wants to open the school in September. "Now that the goal is so near," he writes, "we hope that our friends will not disappoint us, so we are charging this expense to their future offerings. May God prompt generous hearts to help us meet these bills."

"I have just received a quotation on school desks—a little less than six dollars each, F. O. B. our station. Now, if I had six hundred dollars, I could close the deal and have a few dollars left for pens and ink. We have ordered cots too, and one generous lady, a Grail reader, has already sent us the price of a bed. Some dusky little cherub reposing on its pillow will lisp a grateful prayer for this kind benefactor, while ninety-nine others will long for the same privilege. Fifteen dollars buys a bed with mattress, sheets, pillow, and blankets.

"I asked the price of a cooking range for our kitchen, which is innocent of any furnishings. I almost fainted when the dealer told me he would install one for \$275.00. Our St. Mary's Society of Indian women voted \$4.76 and St. Joseph's Society of men gave \$5.00, so we will need only \$265.53 more to insure a 'boiling.' Of course, pots, kettles, pans, a rolling pin, meat grinder, and other kitchen utensils will be needed."

A KITCHEN SHOWER

You have read the needs of Father Ambrose in furnishing his new school, kitchen, dormitory, etc. THE GRAIL has many, many readers. Suppose each reader sent Father Ambrose just ONE kitchen utensil—he would have more than enough. Why not a kitchen shower? Nearly every person can afford at least one piece, and some can afford more. You may send, pots, pans, water kettle, bread pans, pie pans, rolling pin, flour sifter, cooking spoon (large), large fork, paring knives, butcher knives, egg beater, frying pans, lids, sieves, sharpening stone, plain table knives, forks teaspoons and tablespoons, etc. The five and ten cent store has a fine assortment of these articles, strongly made, and good for years' service. There are few people who cannot send at least one or two pieces of this kind to help along the grandest charity ever taken up by Catholics. LET US HELP! LET US SEND FATHER AMBROSE AN OVERWHELMING KITCHEN SHOWER! How happy you will make him and the good nuns by gifts of this kind. Do you wish to make a missionary happy? Don't forget china dishes too.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

May was very dry in South Dakota, but toward the end of the month, just after they had been praying for rain, the Lord sent refreshing showers, causing all growing things to take new courage, so that the Indian kiddies might have potatoes and beans and corn, and other kitchen vegetables. Before that, they had to water their garden with a bucket brigade from the creek; it took two hours, but they were willing, as long as it helped the garden. Then the creek ran dry! And the prayers began, and then in a few days, the rain came, but oh—right on the kiddies' picnic day! Some were very, very disappointed, but others tried to take it philosophically, saying, "Well, we prayed for rain, didn't we? So now we got it." So they had the picnic on another day.

But now they are all at home with their parents, except for those who have no homes, and stay the year around. But it is pretty quiet at the mission, and the Sisters have been getting a much-needed rest.

SILVER FOIL

The following kind friends sent silver and tin foil: Mrs. E. Wolfe, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. M. Murphy, Roscoe, Pa.; Sister M. Bernadette, St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. A. P. Kiesewetter, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Trapp, Cincinnati, O.; Miss Hilda Huber, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Annie Rawlett, Washington, D. C.; Miss Helen Brown, Columbus, O.; Mr. Francis Kerrigan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Mass.; E. Maroney, Bayonne, N. J., (rosaries, etc.); Mrs. R. C. Skeen, West View, Pa.; Miss Dionysia Barman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Chas. Herbst, Cincinnati, O., (silk pieces). Many thanks, dear friends, and keep coming!

BEADWORK BUREAU

Adult moccasins, (give length of foot in inches) \$2.50; children's, \$1.50; babies', \$1.00, and 75¢. Pin cushions, beaded buckskin and velvet, 75¢. War club with beaded handle and soapstone head, \$2.00. Solid beaded fillet or headband, \$1.25. Solid beaded bracelets, 50¢. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. Doll moccasins, 25¢, 50¢ and 75¢, according to size. Handbags, brown and yellow beaded buckskin, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Beautiful, round, solid beaded purse, \$2.50. Round, solid beaded coin purse, \$1.25. Drawn-work handkerchief, 25¢. Tea towels, 25¢ each, (embroidered in kitchen designs, just the thing for the bride). Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Letter to Editor

Dear Editor:—

Would it be out of place to ask you to help us by means of your paper to get a number of "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, into the hands of the mountain people of eastern Kentucky? It is a class of people that is anxious for the truth. A number of converts have already been made and I find the above book is the most suitable for the purpose. Day after day requests are made for it by Protestants.

The Holy Name Edition, fifteen (\$15.00) dollars a hundred, is very reasonable, and if good people of means would know of this chance of missionary work and saving souls, they would undoubtedly send us from the National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society, 884 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., a few thousand copies to be distributed in the three counties of Whitley, Knox, and Laurel, which are under my jurisdiction. Every help in this line will be appreciated.

Very respectfully yours in Christ,

P. Placidus Becker, O. S. B.
401 Laurel Ave., Corbin, Ky.



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Vacation is almost gone and the most of you by this time feel rested from the long hours spent in the schoolroom, and are beginning to look forward to September. Some are wondering what the new teacher will be like, if the new subjects to be studied will be more difficult than those of the past year. They're hoping, too, that school will be interesting, and dreading, perhaps, the first day. Especially will those who are going away to school, or who are changing schools dread the first day with everything new and strange. However, in time, all things become old. I wish that all of you might attend a parochial school this year, but since all cannot, it will be necessary to study Catechism and Bible History at home, as well as to learn the prayers that every Catholic should know.

THE FEATHERED CARPENTER

"Why, Mrs. Seeman, look at the big round holes in the colonnades on the front porch!" said little Anna May. "I never noticed them before. Is that the way the carpenter left them? What are they for?"

"Yes, Anna May," answered Mrs. Seeman, "the carpenter put those holes in the colonnades, but not the carpenter who built the house. It was a carpenter who wears a coat of feathers."

Anna May looked the surprise she did not speak.

"A little bird came here every day for several weeks and kept pecking away until he carved out all the holes that you see. He works very persistently until he has finished his task. Perhaps you never saw a woodpecker, Anna May, so I will tell you about him, and then if you keep your blue eyes wide open, perhaps you may recognize him when you see him.

"The woodpecker has a bright red head, but his back is black and his breast is white. Across the middle of his wings are white bands. His tail is short and stiff, and his bill is long and sharp. His feet are different from those of other birds, too. If you notice carefully you will see that two of his toes turn to the front, and two turn to the back. He does not perch on a limb like a robin, but he clings to the trunk of the tree much like a fly on the wall. His toes are arranged in the way I told you so that he can hold on better. His stiff short tail helps him to hold on also for it serves as a prop.

"His long bill helps him to make a living, for he lives on the insects that are found under the bark of the trees. He bores into the tree to get the insects, and he also bores in to make a nest. The hole goes straight in for a little way and then turns down and is larger at the bottom. The nest does not need a lining for the sawdust in the bottom makes it nice and soft. The mother bird lays four eggs. The little birds do not leave the nest until they are quite large. They do not look like their parents but are brown and white all over. They will not be like their parents until they are a year old.

"If you watch carefully, Anna May, you may be able to get a good look at the woodpecker, for he is quite brave and will let you come close. He moves sideways

out of sight then he hops up and taps as if to say, 'how cunning I am!'

"Woodpeckers usually stay near a house, and they are very fond of apples to which they help themselves freely!"

"I am glad to hear all about the woodpecker, Mrs. Seeman, and I am going to try to find one," said Anna May, as she bade her neighbor good-bye.

BIBLE VERSES FOR AUGUST

He that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved.
If thy hand scandalize thee, cut it off.
Labor as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Hatred stirreth up strife and charity covereth all sins.

A peaceable tongue is a tree of life; but that which is immoderate shall crush the spirit.

If they had known it, they never would have crucified the Lord of Glory.

Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land.
Take care of a good name, for this shall continue with thee, more than a thousand treasures precious and great.

The prayer of him that humbleth himself shall pierce the clouds.

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.
All men have the one entrance into life, and the same going out.

Be not seduced: Evil communications corrupt good manners.

The patient man is better than the valiant; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities.

As silver is tried in the fire and gold in the furnace, so the Lord trieth the hearts.

By mercy and faith sins are purged away, and by the fear of the Lord everyone declineth from evil.

JACK AND JILL

True, Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
But—Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

This nursery rhyme, though not sublime,
Affords us deep reflection;
For not at all the sinner's fall
Predicts his resurrection.

So 'tis not said that poor Jack's head
Was later soundly mended.
And what befell is hard to tell
When Jill her tumble ended.

At any rate, their sorry fate
While out to fetch the water,
Reflects our own, when all alone
On Pride's steep hill we totter.

So let us trust—for that we must,
Not in our own hill climbing,
For in life's race God sets the pace,
And He will do the timing.

R. LEON

THE WIND FLOWER

Here is another story that has come down to us from the Greeks. It is about the Anemone or Wind Flower. The Greek word *anemos* means *wind*. The earth was not always as peaceful a place upon which to dwell as it now is. There used to be wild beasts roaming about. They killed people and destroyed crops.

Men who were the bravest became mighty hunters and went forth to find and destroy these destructive beasts.

Now the wild beast that did the most damage and was the most often hunted was the wild boar, and the hunter who was successful in bringing home one of these fierce animals was paid great honor.

Adonis was a youth who was noted for his prowess as a hunter: no danger was too great, and no hardship too severe, for him to endure. The goddess Venus seeing how reckless Adonis was in the hunt feared that he might become rash and in this way meet his death, so she said to him, "Be brave when you meet the timid, but do not oppose your courage to the courageous. Do not attack the beasts that nature has armed with weapons. Think of their terrible claws and horns and teeth. What honor will it be to you if you lose your life in their destruction. Beware how you expose yourself to danger!"

Having uttered this warning, Venus drove away in her chariot drawn by two snow-white swans.

Adonis was too brave at heart to listen to the counsels of Venus. "There are too many wild boars in the country to make it safe," he thought. Just then he heard the dogs barking. Looking quickly, he saw that they had roused a wild boar from its lair. He threw his spear and wounded the animal which sprang upon him in terrible rage goring him cruelly with its tusks, leaving him dying upon the plain.

Venus had not driven far, and she heard the groans of Adonis. She hastened back and when she saw that he was dying she said, "Adonis, you shall return each year that I may mourn for you. Your blood will be changed into a flower that will return each year." Her tears began to fall like rain, and within an hour flowers sprang up there where her tears had fallen, but like Adonis they were short-lived. It is said that the wind blows open the blossoms, and afterward blows the petals away, so it is called Anemone or Wind Flower.

LETTER BOX

Is it too hot where you are spending your vacation to write letters? At any rate, it probably isn't too warm to enjoy reading the LETTER BOX. If you haven't written lately, won't you please send us a contribution for the September or October issue and tell us how you spent your vacation? Perhaps some took trips and saw interesting places. Others may have had an exciting time at home. Perhaps some spent the summer studying music, elocution, or in embroidery or painting. Wherever you were or whatever you did, write to THE CORNER and tell us about it. Make your letter just as worthwhile as you can. We like bright, snappy letters. Tell about people, places, and experiences which others will enjoy reading.

AT THE GATE ON A SUMMER'S EVE

He met her in the meadow
As the sun was sinking low;
They walked along together
In the twilight's afterglow;
She waited patiently until
He had lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars;
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
In fact, she knew not how,
For he was but a farmer's lad
And she—a Jersey cow.—Selected.

Exchange Smiles

"Gertrude," asked the teacher, "what are the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

"It had something to do with automobiles, but I can't remember just what."

"Gracious, no! That was long before the day of automobiles. What put such a thought into your mind?"

"Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxes," replied Gertrude who had confounded taxes with taxis.

A teacher of eighth grade pupils submits the following specimens from her class:

The class was told to write a sentence containing the word *deceit*. Here is one of the results: "The boy and the girl both sat down on 'deceit' in the spelling contest." Another thus misunderstood *superb*: "My mother sent me to the store for some 'soupperb.'"

"Johnny, don't you know it's Sunday? You mustn't play marbles out there on the sidewalk. Go into the back yard, if you want to play."

"All right, mother; but what day of the week is it in the back yard?"

Bobby—"Can't I change my name to-day, ma?"

Mother—"What in the world do you want to change your name for?"

Bobby—" 'Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home as sure as my name's Robert."

THE DREAM PIRATE

I'm captain of a pirate band,
A rover of the sea;
My pirate ship is bravely manned.
By a bold company.
I sail the sea of starry night,
The ship's my nursery bed;
With men o' war I try my might
And pile their decks with dead.
Then with the sun I sail to port,
Back to my mother's knee,
And all the day I long for the sport
On the dreamy star-lit sea.

L. F. Nusbaum, in *Abbey Student*.

Our Frontispiece

"Where shall I spend my vacation?" is an annual question rising in men's minds and demanding an answer. Where shall it be? In the mountains, at the seashore, or across the sea? To find an answer to this question time tables are scanned, guidebooks are thumbed, advertisements are read and re-read, and trips planned. Hoarded savings are squandered that the body may relax and learn that, after all, "there is no place like home."

So much for the body. The soul, too, has an innate longing for her true heavenly home. She asks herself, "how can I get there quickest? What route shall I take? Will it be the long road that leads through a hilly country, a land of sunshine and shadow, of joy and of sorrow—the married state? Shall I choose the second road, somewhat smoother, where the cares are less and the way is shorter—the state of virginity in the world? Or shall I take the short cut, the straight road to God—the religious or priestly state? Who will

help me decide and be my guide? On life's highway, where these three roads diverge, stands not a dead signboard, but a living Counsellor, Christ, our Lord. To our hesitating soul He says: "Choose one of the three roads. Each will bring you to your goal. Each is good, but not equally good. I will be your constant companion and faithful guide on the road of your choice. My life as sketched in the four Gospels shall furnish the text of your guidebook, but the living word of My Church, and My own secret whisperings of Soul to soul will be the interpreter of the dead letter."

Look at the picture again. Our Guide is equipped for the long journey. A hat, a tunic, a cincture, sandals and a staff complete his wardrobe. He has no other baggage. See how His head is inclined towards the latticed opening in the door to catch the answer to his repeated knocking. Is it "Wait a moment, Lord, I am not quite ready?" To which we can almost hear His reply: "Why do you tarry? Why do you delay in making your choice, and then, after detaching yourself from earthly impediments, begin the upward climb with ease?"—P. K.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

(Continued from page 174)

heresy wherever he met it, rebuked vice openly both by speech and in his letters, preached the Second Crusade against the Turks, and left behind him something like 160 monasteries which he had founded in Europe and Asia. Worn out with these and other trying labors, he passed to his eternal reward on August 20, 1153, and was canonized twenty-one years after his death. Pope Pius VII gave him the title of Doctor of the Church.

The Password

(Continued from page 154)

Creed with him and do it with true interior faith in all the dogmas expressed in the Creed."

Father Gilbert and his inquirer were about to separate. "By the way," the priest began once more, "I am just now reminded of the story of a little boy of seven."

"Let's have it by all means," pleaded Allen. "It was during the first century," the pastor continued, "that the lad was dragged to the judge. 'I am a Catholic,' the boy exclaimed, and then immediately began to pray the Apostles' creed: 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth.' The tyrant flew into a rage and called the mother of the heroic child. Before her eyes the judge ordered him to be cruelly scourged until his body was one wound. The bystanders broke out into sobs and tears. The body of the lad was torn and mangled, but the heart drew strength from the apostolic creed to conquer the heathen folly. In the heat of the pangs the little martyr looked up mildly and lovingly to

his mother and said: 'Dear mother, I am so thirsty.' The heroic mother replied: 'My dear child, a little more patience. Soon you will come to Him who will still your thirst for ever.' When the heathen tyrant perceived the fortitude of the mother and of the son, he ordered that the boy, whom he could not overcome, be beheaded. The mother took the child into her arms, pressed him to her bosom for the last time. Then she gave him to the bystanding executioners with the words: 'Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints.'"

Pearl Hunting Along the Mississippi

(Continued from page 171)

side line has put many into the button business and permits the factories to pay the clambers better prices for shells. During the winter months when button cutting is slack, the factories busy themselves grinding the great piles of shell remnants which have accumulated during the summer. The chicken feed that results is shipped by the hundred carloads all over the country. So the lowly clam of the Mississippi, now is furnishing not only half the world with pearl buttons, but adorning milady with lustrous pearls and feeding the great American hen. And to think that only a few years ago he was catalogued as a wholly worthless fellow!

Abbey and Seminary

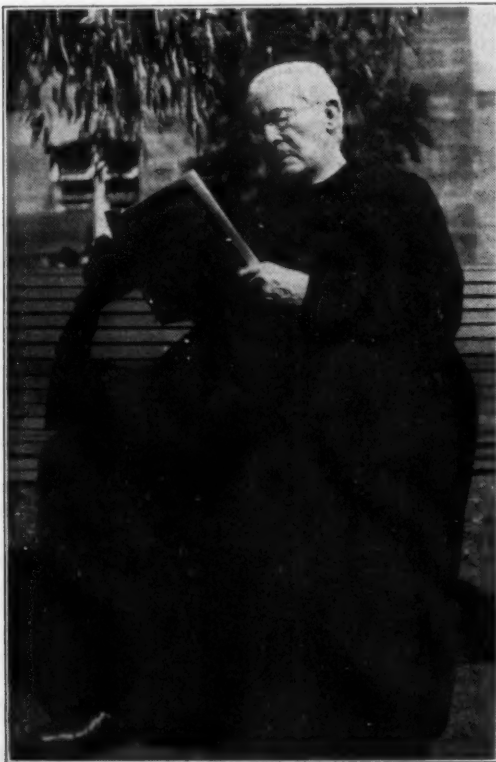
—Mid swish of paint brush, rasp or trowel, buzz of saw, and blow of hammer the repairs of vacation go audibly on. The occasional blast of dynamite at no great distance serves as reminder that Father John is making lasting impressions in the face of the earth. The rocky craters thus fashioned are to harbor shrubs for beautifying the recreation grounds to the north of the church. Crescant! Floreant!

—Rising up among the apple trees to the west of the church are the walls of the new recreation hall or "gym" for the seminary. This new building, which will be quite attractive in appearance, will help to relieve the monotony of seminary life. The buff brick of the exterior make it blend in color with the sandstone of the church and seminary which top off the hill a few hundred feet away.

—The outstanding events in the annals of our monastic family for July were the golden jubilee of Father Luke as a religious, the profession of the triennial vows by Brothers Meinrad (John Buehlmann, from Switzerland) and Joachim (Francis Kies, from Aurora, Illinois), and the coming of four postulants for the clerical novitiate. A fifth postulant, who has been under the surgeon's care, is to follow later.

—On July 11, the feast of the Solemnity of St. Benedict, Father Luke celebrated the golden jubilee of his consecration to God by the vows of religion. The venerable jubilarian, who is now in his eighty-first

year, was celebrant of the solemn jubilee Mass, at which Father Andrew was assistant priest, Father Albert deacon, Father Benedict subdeacon, Father Ildephonse master of ceremonies. After the Offertory of the Mass the jubilarian renewed, before the Very Rev. Columban Thuis, the vows that he had pronounced fifty years ago. Mass was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A number of our priests were here from the neighboring parishes to help us celebrate the happy event. For the noonday meal the dining room had been decorated in papal and national colors. In the afternoon there was a "family" gathering in "paradise."—In the forty-seven years of his priesthood Father Luke has filled various offices. After his ordination on February 12, 1882, he taught in the seminary. Then in 1889 he was sent to Louisiana to found a Benedictine colony, which is now St. Joseph's Abbey. In 1903 he returned to St. Meinrad to teach theology. Later he became editor of the "Paradieses-Fruechte"—or Fruits of Paradise—a Eucharistic monthly that was called into existence and presided over for a number of years by Rev. Bede Maler, O. S. B. In 1907 F. Luke was appointed Prior of St. Meinrad Abbey, an office that he held until June 21 of this year, when the burden was placed on younger shoulders.



REV. LUKE GRUWE, O. S. B.

FIFTY YEARS A SON OF ST. BENEDICT

—The feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, under whose patronage the Abbey Church is placed, coincides with the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Father Prior celebrated the Solemn High Mass and received the triennial vows of the two brothers Meinrad and Joachim, who are mentioned above.—It was on this feast of Our Blessed Lady that Father Benno pronounced his first vows in 1864—sixty-five years ago.

—Father Abbot, whose health has been poor for some months past, found it advisable to leave us towards the end of June to take treatment in a sanitarium.

—Two more of our clerics, Fr. Bernard Beck, O. S. B., and Fr. Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B., expect to go to Rome this fall for their course in theology in the Benedictine College of St. Anselm.

—Rev. Leo A. Dreckmann, of Louisville, who was ordained at Rome during the past school year, celebrated his First Solemn Mass in his home parish church, St. Martin's on July 14. Father Thomas preached the festive sermon. Father Dreckmann made his classical course with us.

—The editor of THE GRAIL mourns the loss of his only brother, Mr. William J. Brown, of Belle Fourche, S. D., who passed away suddenly on July 23. Mr. Brown had been ill only a short time with pneumonia. He leaves a wife and three young children. Prayers are requested for the repose of his soul.

—Rev. Charles L. Trefny, Seminary '00-'02, pastor at New Salem, Pa., who was seriously injured in an automobile accident at Dayton, O., on July 2, died four days later. Father Trefny was on his way to St. Louis to see his mother. The funeral was held on July 10 at New Salem with burial at St. Louis. R. I. P.

—Rev. James T. O'Connor, College '94-'97, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Memphis, Tenn., who had been in poor health, died suddenly on July 8. Both of these deceased alumni were at one time classmates of the editor of THE GRAIL. R. I. P.

Book Notices

From The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota:

(1) *The Seal of the Spirit*—The Rite of Confirmation Newly Translated. By Rev. Richard E. Power. Price, 5¢. — This second, enlarged edition will be welcomed by those who are to be confirmed, giving as it does the Latin and the English texts of the ceremonies. It will be welcomed too by those who have been confirmed, for it will serve as a reminder of their great dignity as soldiers of Christ.

(2) *God's Healing*, also by Rev. Richard E. Power. (Price, 10¢), is a booklet that contains an excellent translation of the liturgical prayers used by the Church in administering the last rites: With text both in English and in Latin, this will be a handy booklet for the faithful. A. B.

Our Spiritual Service to the Sick and Dying. By Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C. PP. S. With pictures and diagrams in accordance with the ceremonial and usage of the Church. Benziger Brothers, publishers. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago). Price 20¢. — This booklet, which ought to be found in the homes of Catholics, will be of service in rendering spiritual aid to the sick and the dying. The drawings are practical, yet one cannot help finding fault with illustrations that show the priest administering Holy Viaticum and Extreme Un-

tion without cassock and surplice, which the Church prescribes. There may be cases in which this is necessary, but illustrations intended for the faithful should depict the priest properly vested for the sacred functions of his ministry. A. B.

Theresa Neumann, the Passion Flower of Konnersreuth. By Rev. Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D., Mission Press, Techny, Ill. Price, 10¢. — This is a pamphlet that contains a short history of the wonderful happenings that are manifested in Theresa Neumann. The author, who visited Konnersreuth in person, has firsthand information. All who are interested in this extraordinary case will find the present pamphlet both instructive and edifying. A. B.

Mary, Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope—A Collection of Mary Thoughts compiled by S. M. A., a Sister of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross. Vincentian Press, 1605 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. — Lovers of Mary will welcome this book, which is a compilation of sayings of saints and modern writers of renown. The book is well adapted for short meditations and spiritual reading. It will prove helpful also for the preacher. A. B.

Alias Oves Habeo—Chapters on Home Mission Work. By Rev. Ambrose Reger, O. S. B. Frederick Pustet Co., publishers. (New York and Cincinnati.) Price, \$2.50. — Although many of the articles in this book have already appeared in *The Acolyte*, yet they will be read again with great interest and benefit, for the matter is both solid and edifying. The priest and the seminarian will find it helpful too. It is deserving of wide circulation. A. B.

The two following books may be obtained from St. Francis Book Shop, Cincinnati, Ohio:

(1) *Safeguards to Chastity*—A frank, yet reverent instruction on the intimate matters of personal life for young men. By Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., Missionary. Price, 75¢.

(2) *Helps to Purity*—A frank, yet reverent instruction on the intimate matters of personal life for adolescent girls. By the same author. Price, 75¢.

These two books, as the titles indicate, treat of a delicate matter. We must welcome the candid manner in which the author treats his subject. There are books on purity by non-Catholics, but these naturally do not get the Catholic viewpoint. The author is to be congratulated for his courage. These books will prove of great assistance to parents in instructing their adolescent children; they will be of great help also to the young in showing them how to avoid the pitfalls that surround them. May these two treatises find many readers and educate many a youth to purity. A. B.

In "Smoke And Mere Smoke, Thanacrusis," and fifty-nine other poems from the pen of A. A. Nelson, we find a variety of verses on Patriotism, War, Victory, Historic Persons and Places, opening with "the art of smoking" in all its ceremony by some redmen of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. There is a little "spirit" of the times in the quatrain:

"And since we may no more regale
Our drooping spirits in brown ale,
Pray name the substance we many spurn
That makes so many taciturn."

Cloth, 106 Pages. \$1.50. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. P. K.

"Catholic Central-Verein of America."—The official report of the 72nd convention of the Central-Verein, which was held at St. Cloud, Minn., in August, 1928, (Wanderer Printing Co., St. Paul, Minn.), is very instructive and should prove of benefit to such as are in-

different as to the organization of Catholics. It is to be deplored that many have no idea of the splendid work done at St. Louis by the Central Bureau of the Central-Verein, and hence neglect to support it. A. B.

"Pride of The West"—a book of twenty-three poems by W. R. Cibart, scarcely verifies the author's statement that "a poem is a beautiful thot set to beautiful language." Beauty is said to be subjective rather than objective. Hence the norm of beauty will vary with each individual, who judges the presence of that elusive quality in a thing of beauty by the way it reacts on him. The reviewer has not found appealing beauty in this collection of verse. Cloth. 40 Pages. \$1.25. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. P. K.

"Why Jews Become Catholics," compiled and edited by Rosalie Marie Levy, contains some forty edifying, authentic narratives, most of them told by the converts themselves, revealing the mysterious ways of the Provident Father, Who by means of insignificant straws turns their soul's barque, tossed on the tide of darkness and doubt, to the bright haven of truth and safety. The narratives are supplemented by a partial list (15 pages) of Jews who have become Catholics, beginning with St. Peter. In a personal letter the author gives the reason why the *Imprimatur* does not appear in her book, because the diocesan censor *librorum* agreed that it would likely do more good among the Jews if it had no *Imprimatur*. This interesting, inexpensive volume will make an excellent gift for Jewish friends, and help to bring them into the true fold.—Cloth. 203 Pages. \$1.00. Rosalie M. Levy, Box 158, Station D, New York City. P. K.

"Judaism and Catholicism" is published by the same author "to set before souls who are longing for the coming of the Messiah in a catechetical form a comparison of the Catholic and Jewish religions, and to show that the former is the successor of the latter. It will be found of interest to all non-Catholics who are not satisfied with their religion, and of interest and service to Catholics, who are dealing with prospective converts either from Judaism or other religions."—Cloth. 144 Pages. \$1.00. P. K.

"Christian Doctrine Drills" for use in the Parochial Schools. English or Polish text, 3½ cents.

"Grammar Drills" for use in the Elementary and Junior High Schools, by Anthony B. Morris, 5 cents.

Those who are looking for a compact and cheap collection of drills either in Christian Doctrine or in English Grammar will welcome these pamphlets, which are published by D. B. Hansen & Sons, 27 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

"An Interpretation of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven," by Sister Mary de Lourdes Macklin, M. A., of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. 58 pages plus an Introduction and the original text of the poem.—Sister Mary de Lourdes' interpretation of the "Hound of Heaven" has two outstanding merits: it removes the obscurity that surrounds the highly figurative expression which characterizes the poem; it not only makes intelligible individual words and passages, but brings out the great spiritual conception of the poem as a whole, while leading the reader to a better knowledge and appreciation of the author. This brochure will be welcome in classrooms. Printed at Orphans' Press, Rochdale, England. R. W. M.

"Pax," a scholarly review, which is published by the Caldey monks at New Caldey Abbey, Prinknash, Gloucester, England, has been incorporated with "Caldey Notes." The subscription price is \$2.00 for one year; \$5.00 for three years.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XIII

RENEWING "AULD ACQUAINTANCE"

THE morning following Ted's sojourn with the hermit found his limb stiff, sore and swollen. The walls and ground were dank, and Ted feared to remain there longer lest the dampness bring on complications. So he prevailed upon his erstwhile host to help him back to the Lodge. Again the fellow picked him up like a baby and carried him with ease, placing him upon the couch in the great living room. Then Ted tried to persuade him to go to the village for a doctor, but this he refused to do, stubbornly shaking his head at every mention of it. But he did consent to remain until someone happened along.

An hour later a messenger arrived with a telegram: "Be with you Wednesday. Arrive 5:45 P. M.—JACK."

With a smile of satisfaction Ted gave the messenger a coin, and, after explaining his plight, begged the man to send up a physician. Meanwhile the hermit, who had disappeared for a time, now returned with a fresh supply of herbs, which he prepared as before, and again applied.

The doctor, who served a circuit of villages, did not arrive until afternoon, and, upon viewing the wound, praised the hermit's treatment, which had left it clean and uninfected. However, after receiving scientific attention and having his leg securely bandaged, Ted felt much easier, as the herbs had been rather heroic in their action, and he had suffered not a little discomfort and pain. The hermit had hastily retreated to the kitchen upon the appearance of the medical man, nor could he be induced to come out again.

"Who is he, doctor, do you know?" asked Ted. "He's a pretty good scout, if he is batty."

"He certainly knows the merits of herbs," replied the surgeon. "No, I do not know who he is, but several times, it seemed to me, his nose, eyes, and forehead recalled someone I knew in the past. But I suppose it is all imagination. I knew a young Italian at the medic school—brilliant young fellow, didn't speak English very well. I remember, he fell in love with a sweet, gentle girl, and I heard that she'd died in some sort of accident. He left school right after that and I

never heard of him more. But of course, that couldn't be he."

"Say!" cried Ted eagerly, though in a low voice, so the hermit might not hear. "This fellow was mixed up in a romance of some kind; do you know, he has a sort of shrine in his cave, with a picture of a girl and some letters and personal belongings which I judge were hers, and he keeps a sort of vigil light burning there all the time. I saw it myself." The physician slapped his knee.

"Hm! I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be Rossi himself. Suppose I make the test and call him by name. Shall I?"

"Go ahead; try it." The doctor moved toward the kitchen door.

"Oh, Rossi!" he cried suddenly. There was a sudden, startled movement within the kitchen, a dish crashed to the floor, a screen door slammed, and then all was silent again. The doctor looked in; the kitchen was empty. "I'll bet that's the man," he commented, returning to Ted's side. "I wish I could help him out of his self-imposed foolishness. But he's gone now."

"Maybe he doesn't want to be recognized. Well, every man has a right to his own secrets."

"You're right, sir. Well, I'll be going, Mr. Raw. I'll be around again this evening. Shall I send a man up to look after you?"

"Yes; send up one who can cook, as I might be here for some time."

"Very well."

Jack Brent arrived, and was not a little surprised that no one met him at the depot; but his surprise turned into concern when he found the predicament Ted was in.

"I hope it's not serious," he said.

"Well, doctor said it was a flesh wound; bullet entered one side and came out at the other, slightly grazing the bone. It didn't bleed much, but I suppose my hunting and fishing are hashed for the next two or three weeks. Sorry I got you to come up here for nothing, old fellow."

"It happened after you sent the telegram?"

"Yes, late in the afternoon."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to be here anyway. It's a good thing you did send for me. Does your wife know?"

"No; and I don't want her to, either. She'd only get excited and worry over it. No need to let her know until it's all over."

"I don't know but you might be right, but I'm afraid she won't like it when she finds out you kept her in ignorance. By the way, I thought she was up here with you?" Ted laughed shortly and looked away.

"She was, but—" Jack understood.

"Oh, well, if you'd rather not tell me, old man—"

"Fact is, we ended up in a row, and she went home."

"No! Not you and Cilla? Expect me to believe that?"

"Well, now that I think of it, perhaps I was a little out of patience with her—she's a good kid, but temperamental now and then—she's a writer, you know, and very much bound up in her work, and it happened this way—" And Ted related the affair of the typewriter and hermit, much to his friend's merriment.

"Well, Ted, old man, I don't blame her for getting sore. I would myself."

"But that wasn't why she left. The thing was—I laughed."

"Humorous brute! What at?"

"I was tickled to death the darned thing was smashed."

"But why? I don't get you yet."

"Because, as the hermit surmised, it deprived me of her companionship."

"I see; serves you right. Next time you'll learn to handle a lady's feelings with kid gloves."

"I should have known better."

"Why of course; had you been diplomatic, you might still have had her companionship. Why didn't you tell her you would order another machine from the city, and then have shipment delayed a little?"

"Sure! I realize I was a dub, but—" Zeke, the new cook, just entered with a tray of refreshments, and conversation was suspended for a moment.

"Here! I find this in the kitchen, sir," said the man, handing Ted a small grey purse. "On the floor near the back door." Ted opened it and found a gold locket and chain inside; within the trinket was a girl's picture and opposite, that of a young man.

"By Jove!" he cried, slapping his knee. "That's the same girl he's got in his cave!" It was Jack's turn to be surprised.

"What, you don't mean that he has a girl—"

"Oh no; only a sepia portrait, before which a light burns, night and day." Jack reached for the locket.

"Saaaay! Do you know who that girl is?" he cried, astonished. "That's my wife's dead sister. And the initials engraved on the outside, 'L. G.' Her name was Letitia Gayring. What do you know about that?"

"That's a coincidence for you!"

"Yes; she was drowned while on a canoe ride with a young man."

"Was he a medical student?"

"I believe so; my wife said he blamed himself most bitterly for her death, and soon after he disappeared, no one knew where."

"Then that must be he; pretty tough penance he's set himself."

"Yes; it's too bad. We ought to do something about

it; get him to an institution or something, where he can be treated and perhaps cured."

"That's just what the doctor was saying. But, I say, you must be starved. Oh, Zeke! How about some dinner?"

"Ready in a few moments, sir," replied the man, and in a little while he brought the meal in on a large tray, which he placed on a small round table beside Ted's chair, placing another for Brent. Ted had refused to be moved upstairs, preferring an easy chair down in the big living room, where the light filtered in through the windows with a greenish tinge, because of the thick leaves which obscured them. Here the trees, whose companionable rustle never ceased, peeped in the open windows, and seemed like real, live friends, while the rich, damp, resinous odor of the piney woods floated in the air like incense. Since Lucilla had gone, he had been in the habit of sleeping down here, for the rooms upstairs seemed desperately lonely without her.

Zeke waited on them, and then, when the meal had been heartily demolished, he paused, in his shirt sleeves, the tray of dishes in his hands, for a familiar word with his employer.

"Ye know," he suddenly said, with seeming irrelevance, "wunst before we wuz married, my wife and me had a fight, and—heh, heh—she give me back my ring, and durned if I didn't stay in bed all next day wit' my face to th' wall. Had my maw so skeered, she up and got Hetty—that's my wife—to come up to the house. We haven't fit since." With another guffaw he turned and went back to the kitchen. Ted and Jack looked at each other, and then burst out laughing too.

"I wonder how much of my conversation he overheard?" speculated Ted.

"I wouldn't doubt but he heard all of it," replied Jack. "But that gives me an idea. I could telegraph your wife; the scare might do her good. I know from experience. She'll be sweet as sugar to you." Ted shrugged, but allowed himself to be persuaded at last, and a carefully worded telegram was dispatched to Lucilla's studio.

Ted waited; at first hopefully, then impatiently, then anxiously. A week passed; he went through the whole gamut of human feelings, from highest hope to lowest despair. At the end of two weeks there was still no reply. Ted's heart turned to stone.

CHAPTER XIV

BACK TO THE GRIND

"Well, good-bye, old darling; I'm off!" It was Thelma, coming down the staircase, followed by Howard with her luggage. Upstairs Riggs was struggling with her trunk. "I've had a perfectly adorable time, and I only hope that some day I can repay your party with one of my own."

"Don't mention it, dear child," replied Lucilla, pressing her friend's arm. "I really do not know what I would have done without you. I am sure I would have consumed myself with depression and loneliness."

"It is very good of you to say so, I am sure, but it

surely was wonderful of you to invite poor old poverty-stricken Thelma when you have so many other lovely friends." Thelma's delightful humility was not put on; it was real.

"Yes, but I don't believe there is one with whom I could have felt so 'at home' as that same poor old poverty-stricken Thelma, who insisted on taking me out to dainty lunches, and otherwise making extravagant little raids on her purse." Thelma smiled one of her delightful, mysterious smiles.

"Well, so long, old key-puncher! When shall we have the pleasure of your company down at the 'work-house'?" And Thelma encircled her friends waist with her arm.

"Oh, about Wednesday or Thursday; and don't forget Mrs. Jack Brent's luncheon, and tell Mrs. Taggart to give my studio a good cleaning before I come back. Will you do that?"

"I surely will. So long!" And then Thelma stepped into the Rawns' luxurious car and was driven home by the liveried chauffeur, a brooding, dissatisfied being, transferred suddenly from the elegant refinement of Lucilla's home, to the drab grayness of her dusty, neglected studio. Arrived at the dingy building in Carroll Street, her temper was not of the best, and at sight of Freddie Evers lounging at the doorway on the lookout for her, it began to bristle most unreasonably. He, all unaware of her hostility, awaited smiling to carry her luggage upstairs and perform any small errand her whimsical severity would permit him. As she approached him, there was a frown on her brow, which did not lighten even when he sprang forward and eagerly seized her bags.

"Ha! You're as faithful as a poor relation, aren't you," was her caustic greeting. "One of Alger's wonder boys—'Faithful and Strong,' 'True and Steady,' 'Swift but not Fast,' eh, big boy? But you do manage to make yourself a necessary evil every now and then, don't you?" He answered nothing; just looked at her in a dumb, hurt way, and then preceded her up the stairs with the luggage, waiting patiently at her door until she leisurely produced the key.

"Phew! What a horrid, stuffy odor!" she cried. "Help me open the window, quick!" He did so, and then, as she passed him carelessly by, he suddenly caught her in his arms and held her imprisoned. He was a head smaller than she.

"Cruel girl!" he cried, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "You are charity and love itself to all except me! Haven't you one kind word to offer me? Not one?" She looked down at him from her height, and disgust curled her lip.

"Ugh! You're such a little shrimp! Get away from me! I can't bear you!" And she struggled to free herself, but he snatched her hand and printed burning kisses upon it.

"Thelma, my goddess! Illtreat me, spurn me—it only makes my love for you stronger! Ah, if you would only have me, I would work my fingers to the bone for you!" And unable to control himself longer, he threw his arms about her neck, drew down her head and

kissed her on the lips. Quick as a flash she slapped his cheek.

"How dare you, you pig-faced little clown!" she cried, thoroughly angry now. His arms fell, and his head dropped upon his chest. His face had suddenly gone gray and old.

"All right," he stammered hoarsely. "I'll go. You haven't any heart. You're as cold as marble. You'll never see me again. Farewell!"

"Good-bye, if you're going," she called out airily, turning to unpack her bags, and mockingly singing a little tune. She saw him toss his long hair back with a characteristic movement of his head, jam his hands into his pockets—and blindly walk into a chair. He fell over it, sprawling to the floor in a comical, awkward manner that forced a hysterical giggle from her lips. For a moment he lay there prone, and she almost went to help him up, but restrained herself. She must be cruel in order to be kind. He simply would not understand that she could not love such a queer, comical, long-haired fellow with tiny pig-eyes behind thick lenses, which enlarged them to a ludicrous size—he thought he could make a girl take him seriously. What girl could? He was too like a clown. She kept telling herself these things, lest the pity, which was clutching at her throat, overcome her.

But at last he slowly picked himself up, clutching at his side, his cheeks crimson with shame, as without a backward glance he stumbled out with bowed head.

(To be continued)

St. Gertrude and the Holy Grail

St. Gertrude, that beautiful saint of lively and delicate sentiments, loved her Sacramental Lord so much that He said of her: "You will find Me in the heart of Gertrude." And Gertrude, where was she always to be found? In the Heart of Jesus, and so absorbed was she in Him, that she counted every moment lost that she had not given to Him.

She so prized the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that she suffered greatly when she was unable to assist at it through illness, and when she was too ill to communicate, she counted it a calamity, although she was the constant recipient of heavenly favors, and Jesus was so constantly present within her that she had but to ask Him a question and she immediately received an answer. She had but to direct her thoughts to Him and she at once felt His presence, yet she dragged herself daily to Mass, though often scarcely able to walk, and yearned with unspeakable longing for the moment of Communion. In those days, even nuns did not communicate every day—only on Sundays and once or twice during the week. Gertrude envied priests with a holy envy, because they were permitted to communicate every day. How happy are we, to-day, with the precious privilege of daily Communion, of which many of the saints were deprived!

Many wonderful favors were granted to Gertrude during different parts of the Mass. One day, as she offered the Sacred Host to the Eternal Father during

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Elevation in satisfaction for her sins and negligences, she saw her soul being presented to the Divine Majesty, and received with the same joy as that with which the Father received Jesus Christ Himself. God the Father, looking at her as it were through His Divine Son, saw her clothed with His perfections, and in her "Looked upon the face of His Christ." She also learned that every time anyone, assisting at Mass, raises his heart toward the Son of God offering Himself for the salvation of the world, the Father looked upon that person with the same complacency that He looks upon the Sacred Host.

On another day, when St. Gertrude was too ill to go to Mass, she fell into an ecstasy and saw our Lord Himself celebrating Mass, attended by the whole court of Heaven. At the Offertory, which was chanted by the Saints, the Heart of our Lord became, as it were, a golden altar, on which the guardian angels of men offered the prayers and good works of those committed to their care. At the moment of Elevation, our Lord presented His adorable Heart to God the Father for the wants of the whole Church, thus accomplishing in Heaven what was being operated on earth by the ministry of the priest.

Once, during Communion time, she saw how our Lord gave with His own Divine Hands, each Host which the faithful received; and at another, being suddenly struck with fear of her own unworthiness, she hesitated about receiving Holy Communion. But the thought came to her: "What can I gain by delay? If I prepared for a hundred years, I would still not be worthy to receive my Lord. Therefore, I will throw myself upon His mercy, and when he sees me approaching with humility and confidence, He will give me all graces needed to receive Him worthily." And in return for this confidence in Him, He clothed her with His own innocence in a garment of spotless white.

A Happy Childhood

The woman-next-door had two little boys, aged four and seven—beautiful children, angelic cherubs in appearance, but, oh my! little demons in action—and they were in action from 6:30 in the morning until eight of the evening, when tired little bodies just simply refused to function any longer. Why were they little demons? The woman's own explanation will suffice to enlighten. "When I was a little girl," she said, "there were six of us in the family besides father and mother. My parents were stern, hard-working people; they had to labor hard to provide for us and there was no nonsense about them. People lived under us, and we were made to 'sit and be good' from morning till night; no one dared run or scream or make a noise; we were promptly repressed. At Christmas we had a tree, candy and oranges, but no presents, although my father made enough to buy at least inexpensive ones. Birthdays were completely ignored; letter writing and post card sending were looked down upon. If someone gave us money or a gift, and my father took a fancy to it, he promptly helped himself—we were seldom allowed

to keep anything we received. We had no rights whatever. When I saw other children romping and happy, enjoying themselves with toys, I resolved that if I ever had any, they would not be repressed like we were. So when Jackie and Billy came, I let them do just as they liked. I always have; and I heap them with toys and good things, because I feel that I am sort of making up for my own sorrowful childhood. I'll never make my little ones unhappy by denying them things they long for."

And that is the story; the two extremes: Too great sternness on the one hand and too great levity on the other. Children have a right to a happy childhood; it is right that they romp and laugh and be light-hearted and carefree. But there is a golden medium: A child should not be loaded with everything and never denied anything: a denial now and then is good exercise for too assertive wills. But on the other hand, a child should not be refused things he longs for on every hand, so that not one of his longings is ever satisfied. This mother was satisfying her own long-repressed desires by lavishing them upon her children. And that is possibly the explanation for many of the loosely-controlled children of the present day—parents permitting their children the freedom which they were denied in their youth.

But of course, though it is right that children should be happy, the child that has everything and is permitted to do just as it likes, will become very spoilt, and such parents are going to make life hard for their own child. For they come out into the world expecting everyone to give way to them just as father and mother did, and when they encounter opposition, there is trouble. For they will not know when to yield gracefully, but imagine their own will to be supreme good. Such children will go through the world making it hard for those who have to live with them, while the child who is given things in reason, and denied things now and then, knows and understands that it cannot have everything, and will thus be more unselfish.

Out of Many Minds

Hunger is the best cook, and poverty quarrels not with the seasoning.

"Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are."

Whom men fear, they hate, and who sees a fault in his neighbor, usually possesses it himself.

It is slavish to imitate others; be original.

Cultivate poise and quietude of mind; be not disturbed over every trifle.

The quietude of prayer is a sedative to the nerves.

He who speaks insults will hear them in return.

We are supposed to forgive all offenses; some forgive in words, but retain a secret grudge. He who does not forget, does not forgive.

Man without religion is a ship without a rudder.

Faithfully completing a disagreeable task denotes strength of character.

When others are always wrong and you are always right, probe your inner man; pride is a "nigger in the woodpile." Pull him out.

Divine art formed the woods and fields; human art the cities. Which argues for the existence of the Deity?

Faultfinders are sometimes useful for keeping over-exuberant ego's clipped.

A habitually sarcastic tongue betrays an acid heart.

Self-love causes many a secret heartache to others.

Self-control and discretion are twin sisters whose mother is charity.

Some withhold well-deserved praise from those they love, fearing to bring on an attack of vanity; praise from those we love only welds hearts closer together.

Many economize on those they love to the last bitter penny—and then load the grave with flowers.

A little mirth lightens the mind now and then; too much dignity forms a crust about the heart.

Household Hints

When children's rubber sport shoes wear through too quickly, because of excessively active feet, have handy a can of cold tire patch. At first signs of wear at back of heel, put on a half-circle of rubber with the rubber cement, and each time this wears off, renew. You will find that shoes will last two or three times longer. Soles may be repaired likewise.

A cracked egg can safely be boiled if a few drops of vinegar are added to the water.

Repair a leak in the hot water bottle with adhesive tape—inside and out.

Keep honey in a dark place; light will cause it to granulate.

Have good kitchen tools; a good carving knife, and a stone for sharpening. A sharp carving or butcher knife is a joy. A paring knife costs but a trifle and does better work than a clumsy table knife.

Stains from gasoline stove polish can best be removed with gasoline. Indelible ink and pencil stains can be removed with alcohol or ether.

Recipes

COCOA MUFFINS: Cream together 1/3 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cocoa, and 1 egg, blending well together. Then add slowly, 2 cups milk and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Next, add two cups flour mixed with two teaspoons baking powder. Beat all together well and pour into buttered muffin tin. Mix cocoa and sugar dry before adding to butter and egg. Bake in moderate oven fifteen minutes.

SPINACH WITH POTATOES: Boil a pound of spinach in as little water as possible, salting the water, and letting it boil out. Then chop spinach fine with knife. Peel four medium potatoes, slice, and boil until tender in separate saucepan, adding salt, pepper, and a teaspoon of lard. When liquor is boiled out, and potatoes are tender, mash with potato masher, add spinach and mash and blend all together. Serve piled up in bowl, garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Re-Creation

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

I will give you a new heart, and put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and give you a heart of flesh.—Ex. 36:26.

A moment more,—then at the rail I'll kneel,
And on my eager tongue Thy Body feel.

* * * * *

I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou shouldst deign
To dwell within my heart, so dark, dank, cold,
A moldering charnel house of sin-hewed stone,
Raised by my preening pride, which seeks to reign
With rebel carrion lusts upon a throne
Usurped by wilful force from Thee.

O come, and raze these stony walls amain,
And from their humble dust, as Thou of old
Hast fashioned man, do thou shape like Thine own
My heart into a love-gilt room, from stain
And tarnish free, then come to dwell alone
In the new heart Thou givest me.

Come to Me

M. E. WATKINS

At the Altar rails I pray;
God, let me come with You to stay;
Give me strength, Lord, day by day,
To walk with You the narrow way.

For when you said, my Lord and Savior,
"Come to Me all you who labor,"
You meant this word, I know, for me,
Praying here on bended knee.

I will displease You if I doubt,
If I think myself left out.
No! For I have heard the call,
And the word you chose was "All."

After Benediction

JEREMIAH K. DURICK

I cannot feel that He has gone away;
I saw Him there and faith lit up my eyes,
That I might see the glorious light of day,
And penetrate this night's dark mysteries.

Now He has gone and I am here before
His holy altar. Day is in the West.
And He, behind the tabernacle door,
Has taken up His sacramental rest.

Yet He's not gone beyond the voice of prayer,
That voice can reach Him even after He
Has left me sad and homesick, kneeling where
I worshipped Him in His humanity.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room



Conducted by HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. Our subject to-day is the heart. I will have to tell you a little about this organ so that you will understand better the various troubles that you call "heart disease." I want to make you less afraid of that word "heart disease," and at the same time more careful of the heart itself.

The heart is really the engine that forces the liquid of life through the vessels that reach every part of the body. It is a wonderful structure—worthy of its Creator, and yet so simple that any boy or girl can understand its mechanism. It is a hollow muscle; in fact, we may think of it as a little house. It has been called the "seat of life," because no life can continue without it; so we will consider it as a little house. It has an upstairs and a downstairs. The downstairs has two rooms and the upstairs has also two. The downstairs rooms are called the ventricles. One is rather to the right side, and is called the right ventricle; the other is to the left, and is called the left ventricle.

Upstairs the rooms are called the right auricle and the left auricle. The only confusing thing about this picture is that the old teachers called the upstairs the base, and the downstairs the apex, so we must remember that, if we think of the heart as a little house, we must think of it as being turned upside down so that the base is the part highest in the chest while the apex is the part lowest down.

The walls of these little rooms are collapsible, so that they relax when they are filling with blood and contract when the blood is to be expelled. If you put your hand under your left breast, you will be conscious of a little blow on the chest walls, regular and occurring about seventy or eighty times a minute. That is the heart attending to its business of pumping the blood. It has been at that from the very dawn of life and will continue until the complete night of death, sometimes faster and sometimes slower, but always faithful to its job. Each little room has its own work. The right auricle receives the blood as it flows in from its mission all over the body. The blood is dark and soiled from its journey. It has given up its oxygen to the cells that it has passed and in return has gotten from them nothing but carbon dioxide and other impurities that the cells must get rid of. The function of the right auricle is to take this impure blood and send it to the laundry. The laundry is the lungs. Some other day I will tell you how the lungs breathe in oxygen from the air and give it up to the blood and at the same time take the impurities as carbon dioxide and carry it out in the breath. Now the right auricle is, as I have told you, just a receiving station for this impure blood. It has in its wall a little trapdoor closed with a piece of strong fibrous membrane that we call a valve. When the right auricle is filled with this impure blood, this valve automatically opens. The right

auricle contracts and the blood is forced into the right ventricle. Then the trapdoor closes again, and the right ventricle contracts and forces the blood into the lungs. Here it is laundered and carried back, not to the right auricle again, but to the left auricle. Now the left auricle has a trapdoor also and as soon as it fills with this fresh laundered blood, the valve of its trapdoor opens and the left auricle contracts and forces the blood into the left ventricle. Now you see the blood has been round into every room of the heart. The left ventricle, which is by far the strongest of all the chambers, contracts with sufficient force to send the blood not only to the remotest part of the body through the arteries, but back again through the veins to the right auricle again, where the same process is repeated.

In the next lesson I will tell you about these valves that close the trapdoors after the blood and prevent its rushing backward when the driving pressure is brought to bear on it, and how important these valves are to the heart.

QUESTION BOX

Continuing the question of the proper care of the feet, I promised to tell you some of the things advised by the Mayo Clinic. Their simplicity does not make them any less important.

Wash the feet daily with soap and water. Dry thoroughly especially between the toes.

Wear shoes that do not bind or rub.

Wear new shoes only a half hour on the first day, and increase one hour daily.

Consult a doctor for any infection of the feet.

Avoid chilling during cold weather.

If subject to chilblains, wash daily with warm water. Dry carefully and powder with borated talcum.

Wear woolen stockings and avoid extremes of temperature.

For simple lesions: Avoid strong antiseptics as iodine. Cover with lanolin on sterile gauze, bandage and avoid using the foot as much as possible. Small packages of sterile gauze may be had in any drugstore.

God's Candles

The stars are candles of the sky
That God lights up each night,
So that the souls He's calling home
May find the pathway bright.

But when at last the night is gone
And people stir about,
God lights the large white lamp of day
And blows His candles out.

—Thomas E. Burke, in *Ave Maria*.

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A National Shrine to St. Anthony



For the past seventeen years a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, with the Christ Child in his arms, has stood in the Gospel Corner of the Monastery Church at Graymoor, fifty miles north of New York City, amid the Highlands of the Hudson. The fame of this humble shrine of the Wonder-Worker of Padua has spread far and wide throughout the United States and Canada, owing to the endless chain of Novenas to St. Anthony conducted by the Graymoor Fathers, a new one beginning every Tuesday. Meanwhile the number of Religious, Students for the Priesthood, and pilgrims to the Mountain have so greatly increased, that the present Monastery Church is no longer large enough to contain the worshipers. It is, therefore, proposed in anticipation of the 700th Anniversary of St. Anthony's death, June 3rd 1931 to erect a Church three times the size of the present one, and which is to bear his name.

The Friars of the Atonement are making a Nation-Wide Appeal to the Clients of St. Anthony to erect this New Church in his honor. Having faith in the innumerable lovers of the Great Wonder-Worker that they will build on the Atonement Mountain, so beautifully situated, a Church worthy to be recognized as America's Memorial to the most invoked Saint of Christendom, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph being always excepted. The work of quarrying the granite stone for this National Shrine of St. Anthony has already begun. Everyone sending an offering of at least one dollar for the erection of St. Anthony's Church, Graymoor, will receive a handsome picture of the Franciscan Wonder-Worker, imported from France, provided they mention having read this notice in THE GRAIL.

Address all offerings, also petitions to be prayed for in St. Anthony's Perpetual Novena to.

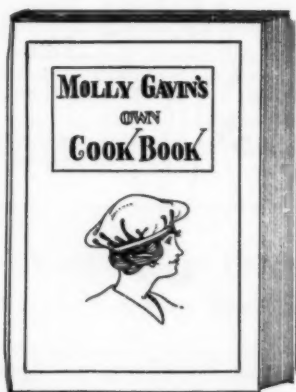
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THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

PROFIT SHARING PLAN

Many persons at times think within themselves: "I wish I had become a religious." Such an unfulfilled wish can still bear fruit. All those that heeded not the higher call, or never even felt such a call, can nevertheless become affiliated with a religious order. They can share in its fruits at least. The BENEDICTINES will gladly make a compact with you. Read the terms of the compact on this same page.

THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Only one more year and this Order will celebrate its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

TODAY THERE ARE
BENEDICTINES IN
TWENTY-NINE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES:

United States	Italy
Switzerland	France
Bavaria	Spain
Germany	Belgium
England	Austria
Scotland	Brazil
Portugal	Canada
Philippines	Africa
Australia	Chile
Luxembourg	China
Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND
PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PER-
FORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you daily say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

THE RETURNS

The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

AIM OF BENEDICTINE LIFE

The Benedictine aim is: TOTAL OBLATION OF SELF TO GOD'S SERVICE.

This oblation begins with a vowed, life-long detachment from riches, sensual pleasures, and self-will. It grows perfect:

1. Primarily, through the "Opus Dei," the *Work of God*, by which is meant the daily solemn worship of God through the Sacred Liturgy: chiefly the Mass and the Divine Office. St. Benedict says in his holy Rule: "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

WEAR A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict's Medal is one of the oldest in existence. There is a special form of blessing for it, in the Catholic Ritual. For many centuries it has been an instrument of spiritual graces and bodily blessings for devout users. You, too, can join the vast army of Saint Benedict's clients. Become a child of his benevolence, by the faithful wearing of his medal.

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It is a beautiful story of a boy with an angel voice, of a sister who loved him, and of the church to which both gave their devoted service. A story that will grip the heart and every reader, just as the singing of "Mother Machree" by the boy hero of this beautiful book, gripped the hearts of the hardened habitués of the East Side saloon.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE, *by Louis Hemon.*

This is a tale of Canadian pioneer life. The story of her love, her loss and her great decision is told with such restraint as to give a deep feeling of reality to this romance of life among the lonely places of "that great sad land whose winters are of a relentless rigor, whose brief enduring summers of a tropic fierceness."

FALSE PROPHETS, *by Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.*

Father Gillis in this book takes up the "False Prophets" of our own day—Wells, Shaw, Haeckel, Freud, Conan Doyle, Nietzsche, Mark Twain, James Harvey Robinson—dissects their false theories, points out their false philosophy, and with rapier-like thrusts shows that sound Catholic principles are still the impregnable safeguards of our lives. His brilliant style, his precision of thought and word, and his unflinching sense of humor make "False Prophets" the outstanding contribution to Catholic letters in many years.

ONE HOUR WITH HIM, *by the Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph L. J. Kirlin.*

This book differs altogether in scope and contents from previous works of its kind, by taking for Eucharistic meditations the popular devotions of the Church, such as the mysteries of the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc., also various subjects ever treated before from this standpoint, such as the Beatitudes, the Corporal Works of Mercy, etc. It is not a prayerbook, and yet it is a book of prayer.

THE GATES OF OLIVET, *by Lucille Borden.*

This delightful story of a girl's struggle to realize a beautiful ideal, introduces a new author to Catholic readers. "The Gates of Olivet" is a Catholic novel of a new order—a finely written story with no more religion in it than in our everyday life. A charming romance into which the author has woven the grace, mystery, and beauty of an aesthetic religion.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, *by Thomas à Kempis.*

"The Imitation of Christ" is the story of a human soul, in which is caught up the reflection of countless other souls with the same yearnings, the same strivings, the same doubts and uncertainties and torments of unrest. It is the voice of the race calling across the chasm of the years. The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired.

LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI, *by Michael Williams.*

Brother Francis is a favorite Saint of the children. That man who talked to the birds, who made the wolf his friend, that man who in his youth turned from life of adventure and excitement to live in utmost simplicity, will never fail to hold the growing boy. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals and his essential friendliness. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people and also their parents.

THE HIGH ROMANCE, *by Michael Williams.*

The spiritual autobiography of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his Faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church. His entry into newspaper work, his brave fight against disease, his spiritual conversion—all these are described in chapters which interest and completely charm the reader. The account of his conversion to Catholicism is one of the finest gems of modern spirituality.

THE WHITE SISTER, *by F. Marion Crawford.*

Marion Crawford is better known to Catholic readers than any other novelist. He has written over 40 volumes, of which "The White Sister" is probably the most popular. This book has gone through 19 editions, and in 1922 it was filmed and shown in most of the movie theaters in the Country.

GOLD MUST ME TRIED BY FIRE, *by Richard Aumerle Maher.*

In this book the author has quite an interesting figure in Daidie Grattan. The story is her story from the day when she revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand, through that period when something closely akin to tragedy touches her, to that happier time which sees the fulfillment of her dream. A strong story, firmly grasped, tersely and vigorously told.

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